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THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

VOL. II

THE POEMS OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

OF HAWTHORNDEN

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

AND NOTES BY

WM. C. WARD

VOL. II

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FLOWERS OF SION;

OR, SPIRITUAL POEMS

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1623

FLOWERS OF SION;

OR, SPIRITUAL POEMS

THE INSTABILITY OF MORTAL GLORY.

TRIUMPHANT arches, statues crown'd with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,
Colosses, brazen Atlases of fame,
Fanes vainly builded to vain idols' praise;
States, which insatiate minds in blood do raise,
From the cross-stars unto the Arctic team,
Alas! and what we write to keep our name,
Like spiders' cauls are made the sport of days:
All only constant is in constant change,
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into some other figure doth it range;
Thus moves the restless world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Thee raise, and steps not reach'd by nature trace.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,

An honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A fabulous thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

THE PERMANENCY OF LIFE.

Life a right shadow is,
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near:
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there aught so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none can tell how, where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

Look how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day:
  Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
  And twice it is not given thee to be born.

WORLD'S JOYS ARE TOYS.

THE weary mariner so fast not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain,
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold to save his bleating train,
As I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
Now fly the world and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes.
Once did this world to me seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's prospective kept blind,
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find;
  Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
  It is a life obscure, and silent grave.

NATURE MUST YIELD TO GRACE.

Too long I followed have on fond desire,
And too long panted on deluding streams,

Too long refreshment sought in burning fire,
Run after joys which to my soul were blames.
Ah ! when I had what most I did admire,
And prov'd of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a briar,
A nought, a thought, a show of golden dreams.
Henceforth on thee, mine only good, I think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave ;
Thy nails my pens shall be, thy blood mine ink,
Thy winding-sheet my paper, study grave ;
And till that soul from body parted be,
No hope I have, but only only thee.

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we world do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare ;
Find out his power which wildest pow'rs doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same :
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance our minds do muse on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

THE MISERABLE ESTATE OF THE WORLD BEFORE THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

THE grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
And earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were skies;
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the most hideous shapes hell could devise,
And all degrees and each estate did stain,
Nor further had to go, whom to surprise;
The world beneath the Prince of Darkness lay,
In every fane who had himself install'd,
Was sacrificed unto, by prayers call'd,
Responses gave, which, fools, they did obey;
When, pitying man, God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

THE ANGELS FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

RUN, shepherds, run where Bethlem blest appears,
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst heaven's rolling heights this earth who stay'd:
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid
A weakling did him bear, who all upbears;
There is he poorly swaddl'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swaddlings are our spheres:
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth,

This is that night—no, day, grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In heaven be glory, peace unto the earth!
Thus singing, through the air the angels swam,
And cope of stars re-echoed the same.

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

O THAN the fairest day, thrice fairer night!
Night to best days in which a sun doth rise,
Of which that golden eye, which clears the skies,
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light:
And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Blest cottage that hath flowers in winter spread!
Though withered, blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet to that place!
Thus sang, unto the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe, the shepherds bow'd on knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropp'd from trees.

AMAZEMENT AT THE INCARNATION OF GOD.

To spread the azure canopy of heaven,
And make it twinkle with those spangs of gold,
To stay this weighty mass of earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
To give strange motions to the planets seven,

Or Jove to make so meek, or Mars so bold,
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given,
Lord, to thy wisdom nought is, nor thy might;
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,
Come meanly in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserved eternal plight,
A wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.

FOR THE BAPTIST.

THE last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild:
His food was locusts, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exil'd.
There burst he forth: "All ye, whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn."
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, "Repent, repent!"

FOR THE MAGDALENE.

THESE eyes, dear Lord, once brandons of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,

Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep :
These locks, of blushing deeds the fair attire,
Smooth-frizzled waves, sad shelves which shadow deep,
Soul-stinging serpents in gilt curls which creep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven,
O ! let me not expos'd be ruin's mark ;
My faults confest, Lord, say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

FOR THE PRODIGAL.

I COUNTRIES chang'd, new pleasures out to find,
But, ah ! for pleasure new I found new pain ;
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain :
For tables rich, for bed, for frequent train
Of careful servants to observe my mind,
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed a rock is, herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,
Father and Lord, I turn ; thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate.
This, where an aged oak had spread its arms,
Thought the lost child, while as the herds he led,
Not far off on the acorns wild them fed.

FOR THE PASSION.

If that the world doth in a maze remain,
To hear in what a sad deploring mood
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again;
How should we wonder of that sovereign good,
Who from that serpent's sting, that had us slain,
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd in endless joy our endless pain!
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,
Hast long long wander'd in sin's flowery path,
And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right
On this thy Pelican's great love and death,
Here pause, and let, though earth it scorn, heaven see
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

AN HYMN OF THE PASSION.

If, when far in the east ye do behold
Forth from his crystal bed the sun to rise,
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If, gazing on that empress of the skies,
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If, seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confin'd,
How, unsustain'd, the earth still steadfast stands;

Poor mortal wights, ye e'er found in your mind
A thought that some great King did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd ;
A King who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellence, and might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love ;
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight :
See, see, alas ! him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and dreary case,
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate.
From sin and hell to save us, human race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity, love in strange degree !
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such excellence to see !
Poor wights, behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropp'd rose that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep ; astonish'd world, lament ;
Lament, ye winds ; you heaven that all contains
And thou, my soul, let nought thy grief relent.
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great All, and keep from mutual wars
The elements, bear rent for thee their veins :
Those feet which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through and torn,
For thee heaven's King from heaven himself debars.

This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
  Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
  Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
  The sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
  And faintly journeys up heaven's sapphire path;
And, cutting from her brows her tresses bright,
  The moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
  Impearling with her tears this robe of night.
All staggering and lazy lower the skies,
  The earth and elemental stages quake,
  The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things wanting sense yet sorrow take,
  And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
  And man, though born with cries, shall pity lack?
Think what had been your state had he not brought
  To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
  Your souls, that with his life them life he bought.
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
  Plung'd in your wonted ordures, wretched brood!
  Shall for your sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shows, embrace true good,
  He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade,
  With prayers now seek heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
  Nor altars blush for sin; live everything;
  That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
  Is to believe, a pure heart incense is;
  What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?

Haste, sin-sick souls, this season do not miss,
  Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
  And God invites you to your only bliss.
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
  But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent;
  His arms, lo, stretched are you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
  So ye accept what freely here is given,
  Like brood of angels, deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in heaven.

TO THE ANGELS FOR THE PASSION.

COME forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town,
Come see that King which all this All commands,
Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own.
Look on those nails which pierce his feet and hands;
What a sharp diadem his brows doth crown!
Behold his pallid face, his eyes which swoon,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands.
Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preserve this sacred blood that earth adorns,
Those liquid roses gather off his thorns,
O! to be lost they be of too much worth;
  For streams, juice, balm they are, which quench, kills, charms,
  Of God, death, hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

FAITH ABOVE REASON.

Soul, which to hell wast thrall,
He, he for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence,
O life of all that lives,
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives,
How could death mount so high?
No wit this height can reach;
Faith only doth us teach,
For us he died, at all who could not die.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

Life, to give life, deprived is of life,
And death display'd hath ensign against death;
So violent the rigour was of death,
That nought could daunt it but the life of life:
No power had power to thrall life's power to death,
But willingly life hath abandon'd life,
Love gave the wound which wrought this work of death,
His bow and shafts were of the tree of life.
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom erst he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the lists of death;
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jesus lies, who death hath kill'd by death,
His tomb no tomb is, but new source of life.

AN HYMN OF THE RESURRECTION.

RISE from those fragrant climes thee now embrace,
Unto this world of ours O haste thy race,
Fair sun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest sphere
Join thy swift wheels, to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn in perfect hours;
The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horror's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays,
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day shall make so bright:
See, an eternal Sun hastes to arise,
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave;
And this is that all-powerful Sun above,
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee move.
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bowers
Proclaim this day; this the angelic powers
Have done for you; but now an opal hue
Bepaints heaven's crystal, to the longing view
Earth's late-hid colours glance, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance,
Breath, com'd again, that body doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rocks lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed.

Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out-peers the sun;
Such, when a huge of days have on her run,
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt and spicy nest,
The lonely bird,* with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb;
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks, of new is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn,
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows with a sea of gold.
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!
That hell dost ransack, against death prevail,
O how thou long'd for comes! With jubiling cries
The all-triumphing paladins of skies
Salute thy rising; earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
Who did heaven's trembling terraces dispose;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou only pity didst us, human race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace

* The lonely bird: phœnix.

More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden's rebel when we were accurst.
Then earth our portion was, earth's joys but given,
Earth and earth's bliss thou hast exchang'd with heaven.
O what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserv'd shame, horror, flames of wrath,
Thou bled our wounds, and suffer didst our death;
But, Father's justice pleas'd, hell, death o'ercome,
In triumph now thou risest from thy tomb,
With glories which past sorrows countervail;
Hail, holy Victor! greatest Victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of sense,
We now reach heaven; your weak intelligence,
And searching pow'rs, were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come,
His bearer's parent, in a virgin's womb;
But then when sold, betray'd, scourg'd, crown'd with thorn,
Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him rising from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns like moles you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Unpartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become,
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest,
An harbinger to glory, peace, and rest;

Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily-sinning life, proud of thy fall;
Assemble thy captives, bid all haste to rise,
And every corse, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowery grave and rocky jail,
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!
The world, that waning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soil'd with sin yet to remain;
Her chilling agues she begins to miss,
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light heaven's temples opened shine,
Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boisterous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In amel * blue the sea hath hush'd his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores:
All-bearing earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens in a gown of green,
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flowers,
In colours various, figures, smelling, powers;
Trees wanton in the groves with leafy locks,
Her hills empampered stand, the vales, the rocks
Ring peals of joy; her floods, her crystal brooks,
The meadows' tongues, with many maze-like crooks
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main
That world's pure age returned is again.

* Amel: enamel; Fr. *émail*.

The honey people leave their golden bowers,
And innocently prey on budding flowers:
In gloomy shades, perch'd on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays:
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
Yet all their diverse notes have but one ground,
Re-echoed here down from heaven's azure veil,
Hail, holy Victor, greatest Victor, hail!
O day! on which death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, ransacking Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With name of his own day! The law to grace,
Types to their substance yield; to thee give place
The old new moons, with all festival-days,
And what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverend Sabbath. What else could they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
This glory of thy sisters six to win,
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes;
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when heaven's quire shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How he on thee did sin, death, hell destroy,
It may be aye the anthem of their joy.

AN HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.*

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.
Scarf'd in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air:
Straight doth the moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him its beams,
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.
He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wand'ring rounds
Are found his feet beneath;
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That, rob'd in glory, heaven's King may ascend.
O well-spring of this All!
Thy father's image vive;

* First published in the second edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630.

Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live;
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good:
To thee, to thee be praises ever given!
What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath reobtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams which diverted were,
And troubled strayed unclean
From their first source, by thee home turned are.
By thee that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far:
With sword, in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entries into Paradise.
By thee those spirits pure,
First children of the light,
Now fixed stand and sure
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall;
Fall'n man, as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'st to angels, that they shall not fall.

By thee that prince of sin,
That doth with mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endungeon'd dwell;
His spoils are made thy prey,
His fanes are sacked and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late, now lies a scorn.
These mansions, pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him joy'd were,
And his, then not stain'd, bands
(Now forfeit'd, dispossess'd,
And headlong from them thrown),
Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
By thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.
O well-spring of this All!
Thy father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live;
Whose work is but to will,
God's coeternal Son,
Great banisher of ill!
By none but thee could these great deeds be done.
Now each ethereal gate
To him hath opened been,
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in;
Now com'd is this high priest
In the most holy place,

Not without blood address'd,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.
Stars which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate * from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.
The quires of happy souls,
Wak'd with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless sprights of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his Capitol.
O glory of the heaven!
O sole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth!
Of mankind lover true,
Indearer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song!
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

* Entheate: divinely inspired; Gr. ἔνθεος.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, IGNORANCE IN THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

Beneath a sable veil and shadows deep
Of unaccessible and dimming light,
In silence' ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great King his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists, when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace and eyes that weep,
To pore, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysms, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide!
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark!
To guide me in life's night thy light me show,
The more I search of thee, the less I know.

CONTEMPLATION OF INVISIBLE EXCELLENCIES ABOVE, BY THE VISIBLE BELOW.

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible (short lists of fame,
And silly mansion but of dying wights),
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
That doth transcend all this great All's vast heights,
Of whose bright sun ours here is but a beam!

O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place,
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign !
Blest people which do see true beauty's face,
With whose far dawnings scarce he earth doth deign !
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war ;
A shrill tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And like wild waves our designs all commove ;
Among those pow'rs above,
Which see their maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.

EARTH AND ALL ON IT CHANGEABLE.

That space, where raging waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land ; and where tall ships do glide,
Once with dear art the crooked plough did toil ;

Once those fair bounds stretch'd out so far and wide,
Where towns, no, shires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Were all ignoble sea, and marish vile,
Where Proteus' flocks danc'd measures to the tide.
So age, transforming all, still forward runs,
No wonder though the earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleasures new, turn with new suns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace ;
Nay, mind's rare shape doth change ; that lies despis'd
Which was so dear of late, and highly priz'd.

THE WORLD A GAME.

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death ;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

THE COURT OF TRUE HONOUR.

Why, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away?

True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams:
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of spirits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weak'ned wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

AGAINST HYPOCRISY

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake, where God pour'd from the sky
Huge showers of flames, worse flames to overthrow;
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness, in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Ill is that angel which erst fell from heaven,
But not more ill than he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers masks a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy almighty God doth scorn.

CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE.

NEW doth the sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers forth comes the baby year.
My soul, time posts away,
And thou yet in that frost
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that heaven which never night makes black,
And there, at that immortal sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flowers which fear not rage of days.

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights,
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

CONTENT AND RESOLUTE.

As when it happ'neth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself instals,
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so cannot her all throw down,
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,
That time, the world, and death could bring combin'd,

Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind :
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

DEATH'S LAST WILL.*

More oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hears in diamond and gold,
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who hath in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd ;
All, all is mine beneath moon's silver sphere,
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold :
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take :
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow,
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF FAITHFUL SOULS BY DEATH.

Let us each day inure ourselves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly ;

* First published in the second edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630.

If this be death, our best part to untie,
By ruining the jail, from lust and wrath,
And every drowsy languor here beneath,
It turning deniz'd citizen of sky;
To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleasures even surmounting wishing power,
The fellowship of God's immortal train,
And these that time nor force shall e'er devour;
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life can with death's ugliness compare?

AN HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Libanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flowers unclose,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a nymph arose.
Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown,
Her left hand palms, her right a brandon bare;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd;
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within those varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, e'er known amiss,
In glittering griefs is spent,
Come learn, said she, what is your choicest bliss;
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares,
A port to harbour sure
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's hourglass is run, endure.
Not happy is that life
Which ye as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit;
Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Ind,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The Phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed;
Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.

Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.
All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When Death in steel doth glance,
In sickness lurk or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.
No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the loadstar of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possest.
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hands and heart
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray;
To heed each action so,
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may repentance bring;

Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm;
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with what by virtue one acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill;
Never on your neighbour's well *
With cockatrice's eye
To look, and make another's heaven your hell;
Not to be beauty's thrall,
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcending all;
A love which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
In that uncreated sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.
Who such a life would live,
Ye happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humans, earth, enjoying angels, heaven.

* Well: welfare.

Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace;
Life a weak taper is;
Then, while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss.
This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid:
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, This was true happiness!

AN HYMN OF THE FAIREST FAIR.

AN HYMN OF THE NATURE, ATTRIBUTES, AND WORKS OF GOD.

I FEEL my bosom glow with wontless fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar press my mind aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto his praise to climb,
From deep eternity who called forth time;
That essence which not mov'd makes each thing move,
Uncreate beauty, all-creating love:
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart appall'd, enfeebled rests my sight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine.

If thou in me this sacred rapture wrought,
My knowledge sharpen, sarcels * lend my thought;
Grant me, time's Father, world-containing King,
A pow'r, of thee in pow'rful lays to sing,
That as thy beauty in earth lives, heaven shines,
So it may dawn or shadow in my lines.
As far beyond the starry walls of heaven,
As is the loftiest of the planets seven
Sequester'd from this earth, in purest light,
Outshining ours, as ours doth sable night,
Thou, all-sufficient, omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in names, in essence one,
High art installed on a golden throne,
Outreaching heaven's wide vasts, the bounds of nought,
Transcending all the circles of our thought:
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world command,
This world of concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate to thy feet.
If so we may well say (and what we say,
Here wrapt in flesh, led by dim reason's ray,
To show by earthly beauties which we see,
That spiritual excellence that shines in thee,
Good Lord, forgive), not far from thy right side,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide;
Rose-cheeked Youth, who, garlanded with flowers
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto thee pours

* Sarcels: pinions; a term in falconry.

Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old,
And, as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Successionless that thou be still the same.
Near to thy other side resistless Might,
From head to foot in burnish'd armour dight
That rings about him, with a waving brand
And watchful eye, great sentinel doth stand;
That neither time nor force in aught impair
Thy workmanship, nor harm thine empire fair,
Soon to give death to all again that would
Stern discord raise, which thou destroy'd of old;
Discord, that foe to order, nurse of war,
By which the noblest things demolish'd are;
But, caitiff, she no treason doth devise,
When might to nought doth bring her enterprise,
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins,
And her in hell throws bound in iron chains.
With locks in waves of gold that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than snow,
Truth steadfastly before thee holds a glass,
Indent with gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be. Here, ere aught was wrought,
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought,
And more, things numberless which thou couldst make,
That actually shall never being take:
Here, thou behold'st thyself, and, strange, dost prove
At once the beauty, lover, and the love.
With faces two, like sisters, sweetly fair,
Whose blossoms no rough autumn can impair,

Stands Providence, and doth her looks disperse
Through every corner of this universe;
Thy Providence at once which general things
And singular doth rule, as empires kings;
Without whose care this world, lost, would remain
As ship without a master in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of souls by which they be, live, move.
But who are they which shine thy throne so near?
With sacred countenance, and look severe,
This in one hand a pond'rous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold;
That with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling face,
Doth bear a brandon* with a babish grace;
Two milk-white wings him easily do move.
O she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought this engine great to light,
By that it fram'd in number, measure, weight;
That destine doth reward to ill and good,
But sway of Justice is by Love withstood,
Which did it not relent and mildly stay,
This world ere now had had its funeral day.
What bands encluster'd near to these abide,
Which into vast infinity them hide;
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it?
Here bounty sparkleth, here doth beauty shine,
Simplicity more white than gelsomine,†

* Brandon: torch.
† Gelsomine: jasmine; Ital. *gelsomino.*

Mercy with open wings, aye-varied bliss,
Glory, and joy that bliss's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all-free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame;
Ere sun, moon, stars, began their restless race,
Ere paint'd with purple light was heaven's round face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their showers,
Ere sea embraced earth, ere earth bare flowers,
Thou happy liv'd; world nought to thee supplied,
All in thyself thyself thou satisfied.
Of good no slender shadow doth appear,
No age-worn track, in thee which shin'd not clear;
Perfection's sum, prime cause of every cause,
Midst, end, beginning, where all good doth pause.
Hence of thy substance, differing in nought,
Thou in eternity thy Son forth brought,
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like that ever shin'd,
Light out of light, begotten not by will,
But nature, all and that same essence still
Which thou thyself; for thou dost nought possess
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he less
Than thou his great begetter. Of this light,
Eternal, double, kindled was thy spright
Eternally, who is with thee the same,
All-holy gift, ambassador, knot, flame.
Most sacred Triad! O most holy One!
Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,

Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are, aye shall be,
Most blessed, three in one, and one in three,
Incomprehensible by reachless height,
And unperceived by excessive light.
So in our souls, three and yet one are still
The understanding, memory, and will:
So, though unlike, the planet of the days,
So soon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hurl'd
The rosy light which comfort doth the world,
And none forewent another: so the spring,
The well-head, and the stream which they forth bring,
Are but one selfsame essence, nor in aught
Do differ, save in order, and our thought
No chime of time discerns in them to fall,
But three distinctly bide one essence all.
But these express not thee; who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzled are:
Who force this Eden would with wit or sense,
A cherubin shall find to bar him thence.
All's architect, Lord of this universe,
Wit is ingulf'd that would thy greatness pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glass,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' clifts where sun doth never shine,
When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till, mounting some tall mountain, he do find
More heights before him than he left behind:

With halting pace, so while I would me raise
To the unbounded circuits of thy praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'errun,
But now I see how scarce I have begun;
With wonders new my spirits range possest,
And wand'ring wayless in a maze them rest.
  In those vast fields of light, ethereal plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou brought forth
To praise thy goodness, and admire thy worth;
In numbers passing other creatures far,
Since most in number noblest creatures are,
Which do in knowledge us no less outrun,
Than moon doth stars in light, or moon the sun.
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band
(If beauty in disparity doth stand),
Archangels, angels, cherubs, seraphins,
And what with name of thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, powers,
All-acting virtues of those flaming towers:
These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
Rest ravished with still beholding thee;
Inflam'd with beams which sparkle from thy face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.
  Low under them, with slow and staggering pace,
Thy handmaid Nature thy great steps doth trace,
The source of second causes, golden chain
That links this frame, as thou it dost ordain;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.

By Nature led, those bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their course, nor change their state,
Unintermixt, which no disorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they always move;
The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, signs that clearly shine,
Time's purpled maskers, then do them advance,
As by sweet music in a measur'd dance.
Stars, host of heaven, ye firmament's bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor, pageant-like, to please the vulgar sight;
Great causes, sure ye must bring great effects,
But who can descant right your grave aspects?
He only who you made, decipher can
Your notes; heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidst these sapphire far-extended heights,
The never-twinkling, ever-wand'ring lights
Their fixed motions keep; one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd;
With rule and line for time's steps measur'd even,
In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly smiling, sweetly debonair,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice six autumns through the zodiac.
But hot and dry, with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows.
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands achieve their race;

With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,
And ushers oft to stately stars the way;
That various in virtue, changing, light,
With his small flame ingems the veil of night.
Prince of this court, the sun in triumph rides,
With the year snake-like in herself that glides;
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through sky's twelve posts as he doth run his course,
Heart of this All, of what is known to sense
The likest to his Maker's excellence;
In whose diurnal motion doth appear
A shadow, no, true portrait of the year.
The moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrow'd light,
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.
Sad queen of silence, I ne'er see thy face
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight amaz'd on man I think, each day
His state who changeth, or, if he find stay,
It is in dreary anguish, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a thought
Lodge in my breast, as to trust thou first brought
Here in earth's shady cloister wretched man,
To suck the air of woe, to spend life's span
'Midst sighs and plaints, a stranger unto mirth,
To give himself his death, rebuking birth?
By sense and wit of creatures made king,
By sense and wit to live their underling?

And, what is worse, have eaglet's eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliss, the place, if thereto he might climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?
Or, dotard, shall I so from reason swerve,
To deem those lights which to our use do serve—
For thou dost not them need—more nobly fram'd
Than us, that know their course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass,
As far as they do asterisms of glass,
When thou us made. By treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate, we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this earth, which is of death the lot,
Where he doth use the pow'r which he hath got,
Indifferent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The supreme monarch of all mortal things.
When first this flowery orb was to us given,
It but in place disvalu'd was to heaven;
These creatures which now our sovereigns are,
And as to rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our vassals; no tumultuous storm,
No thunders, quakings, did her form deform;
The seas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moist crystal whispered on the shore;
No snake did mete her meads, nor ambush'd lower
In azure curls beneath the sweet spring flower;
The nightshade, henbane, naple, aconite,
Her bowels then not bare, with death to smite
Her guiltless brood; thy messengers of grace,
As their high rounds, did haunt this lower place.

O joy of joys! with our first parents thou
To commune then didst deign, as friends do now:
Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us;
Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a jail, to most a hell,
In time's full term until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, earth reconcil'd with heaven.
Whole and entire, all in thyself thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no part;
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity, in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy state admit
Or place or substance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many as the rays which stream
From heaven's bright eyes, or madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in nought, nor wand'ring stray
But draw to thee, who could their centres stay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd should be,
For it thy shadow is; and can they last,
If sever'd from the substances them cast?
O only blest, and author of all bliss,
No, bliss itself, that all-where wished is,
Efficient, exemplary, final good,
Of thine own self but only understood!
Light is thy curtain, thou art light of light,
An ever-waking eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive power
And change, in change since death's pale shade doth lower.

All times to thee are one; that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act what past is, or to be.
Day-livers, we rememberance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface,
And even while embryons cursed by justice' doom),
That we neglect what gone is, or to come:
But thou in thy great archives scrolled hast,
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble wheels of time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old.
Still is the same thy day and yesterday,
An undivided now, a constant aye.
O King, whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness doth to all extend,
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That standing flowest, giving dost abound;
Rich palace, and indweller ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in rest!
What wit cannot conceive, words say of thee,
Here, where, as in a mirror, we but see
Shadows of shadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owly-eyed when staring on thy light,
Grant that, released from this earthly jail,
And freed of clouds which here our knowledge veil,
In heaven's high temples, where thy praises ring,
I may in sweeter notes hear angels sing.

A PRAYER FOR MANKIND.

GREAT God, whom we with humble thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,
Whose dwellings heaven transcend, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this spacious round,
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies,
At whose command clouds dreadful thunders sound!
Ah! spare us worms; weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots which still in mind's clear glass,
Though we be loath to look, we see too well;
Deserv'd revenge O do not, do not take!
Do thou revenge, what shall abide thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
What soul is found whom parents' crime not stains,
Or what with its own sin distain'd is not?
Though Justice rigour threaten, ah! her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.
Less are our faults far, far than is thy love;
O what can better seem thy grace divine
Than they, that plagues deserve, thy bounty prove,
And where thou shower mayst vengeance, fair to shine?
Then look and pity, pitying, forgive
Us guilty slaves or servants now in thrall,

Slaves, if alas! thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all;
Of an ungrateful mind a foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which amply heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children, yes, and children dearly bought;
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor worthless wights, how lowly are we brought,
Whom grace made children, sin hath turned slaves!
Sin hath turn'd slaves, but let those bands grace break,
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear;
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,
But thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.
O wisdom boundless! O miraculous grace!
Grace, wisdom, which make wink dim reason's eye,
And could heaven's King bring from his placeless place,
On this ignoble stage of care to die,
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To put away each odious act and blame
By us contriv'd, or our first parents' pride.
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly King,
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevent,
Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring,
And sad beginning cheer with glad event.
O love and pity, ill-known of these times!
O love and pity, careful of our need!
O bounties, which our execrable crimes,
Now numberless, contend ne'er to exceed!

Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wit may our will, faith may our wit subdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
Hell's pleasant poison killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin, and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
They may a Saviour, not a judge thee find.

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.*

AN ESSAY OF THE GREAT AND GENERAL JUDGMENT OF THE WORLD.

Above those boundless bounds where stars do move,
The ceiling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each under sphere,
In a rich mansion radiant with light,
To which the sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd;

* First published in the second edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630.

Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May,
All pleasures height'ning, flourisheth for aye,
The King of ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to those beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than aught
Reveal'd to sense, nay, than the winged thought,
His will to practise : here do seraphim
Burn with immortal love, there cherubim
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the sun, delight their sight ;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloister high embowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subjects acting what their King commands ;
Sweet quiristers, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and earth untir'd their brawl * sustains :
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear
The spotless souls of humans do appear,
Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest.
Hither, surcharg'd with grief, fraught with annoy,
Sad spectacle into that place of joy,
Her hair disordered dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace,
The crimson mantle wont her to adorn
Cast loose about, and in large pieces torn,
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne
Along her cheeks distilling crystal brine,

* Brawl : dance.

Which downwards to her ivory breast was driven,
And had bedewed the milky-way of heaven,
Came Piety: at her left hand near by
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whose tender babes her snowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip:
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale, a poor and ruthful show!
She sobbing shrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her case to him deplore.
"Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate, to whom should I
My refuge have, below or in the sky,
But unto thee? See, all-beholding King,
That servant, no, that darling thou didst bring
On earth, lost man to save from hell's abysm,
And raise unto these regions above time,
Who made thy name so truly be implor'd,
And by the reverent soul so long ador'd;
Her banish'd now see from these lower bounds,
Behold her garments' shreds, her body's wounds;
Look how her sister Charity there stands,
Proscrib'd on earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Mischief there mounts to such a high degree
That there now none is left who cares for me.
There dwells idolatry, there atheism reigns,
There man in dumb, yet roaring sins him stains;
So foolish that he puppets will adore
Of metal, stone, and birds, beasts, trees, before
He once will to thy holy service bow,
And yield thee homage. Ah, alas! yea now

To those black sprights, which thou dost keep in chains,
He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
Infernal horrors courts; case fond and strange,
To bane than bliss desiring more the change!
Thy charity, of graces once the chief,
Did long time find in hospitals relief,
Which now lie levell'd with the lowest ground,
Where sad memorials scarce are of them found;
Then vagabonding, temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Those places stains, late where thy altars stood;
Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the earth a blame.
Now doth the warrior with his dart and sword
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word;
Religion, faith, pretending to make known,
All have all faith, religion quite o'erthrown;
Men aweless, lawless live, most woful case!
Men, no more men, a God-contemning race."
Scarce had she said, when from the nether world,
Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That scores with flames the way, and every eye
With terror dazzles as it swimmeth by,
Came Justice; to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace.
Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were:
From off her head was reft her golden crown,
In rags her veil was rent, and star-spangl'd gown;

Her tear-wet locks hung o'er her face, which made
Between her and the mighty King a shade;
Just wrath had rais'd her colour (like the morn
Portending clouds' moist embryons to be born),
Of which she taking leave, with heart swoll'n great,
Thus strove to plain before the throne of state.

"Is not the earth thy workmanship, great King?
Didst thou not all this All from nought once bring
To this rich beauty which doth on it shine,
Bestowing on each creature of thine
Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
A queen instal me there, to whom should bow
Thy earth's indwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace
Perverted have my pow'r, and do deface
All reverend tracts of justice; now the earth
Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,
Where every virtue hath consumed been,
And nought, no, not their dust, rests to be seen.
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me;
Expelled last, here I have fled to thee,
And forthwith rather would to hell repair
Than earth, sith justice execute is there.
All live on earth by spoil; the host his guest
Betrays; the man of her lies in his breast
Is not assured; the son the father's death
Attempts; and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means: of such age few makes sick,

Since hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic.
Whom murders, foul assassinates defile,
Most who the harmless innocent beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name:
So on embolden'd malice they rely,
That, madding, thy great puissance they defy:
Erst man resembl'd thy portrait, soil'd by smoke
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her staff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her disgrace!
The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan;
Nought so relentless unto man as man.
O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
Deserved vengeance on the earth let fall;
The period of her standing perfect is,
Her hourglass not a minute short doth miss.
The end, O Lord, is come: then let no more
Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word sith constant, true thou art,
Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert."
She said. Throughout the shining palace went
A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked zephyrs' sighs along the main,
Or when they curl some flowery lea and plain;
One was their thought, one their intention, will,
Nor could they err, truth there residing still:
All, mov'd with zeal, as one with cries did pray,
Hasten, O Lord, O hasten the last day!

Look how a generous prince, when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him most dear,
Which wont with gifts and shows him entertain,
And as a father's did obey his reign,
A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wrack,
Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
And a just rage all respects overturn:
So seeing earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansion of saints, deflow'red all by sin,
And quite confus'd by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath:
Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth and earth-embracing sea did shake;
Carmel and Hæmus felt it; Athos' tops
Affrighted shrunk, and, near the Æthiops,
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the synod of the sprights he swore
Man's care should end, and time should be no more;
By his own self he swore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word sent angels forth.
There lies an island, where the radiant sun,
When he doth to the northern tropic run,
Of six long moneths makes one tedious day;
And when through southern signs he holds his way,

Six moneths turneth in one loathsome night
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot-bright,
But half white and half Moor *), where sadly clear
Still coldly glance the beams of either bear,
The frosty Greenland. On the lonely shore
The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,
And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
Casts various rainbows, which in froth he chokes;
Gulfs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus' cataracts more vast and deep.
To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
A mountain lifteth up his crested head:
His locks are icicles, his brows are snow,
Yet from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids, are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of heaven.
No summer here the lovely grass forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypress springs.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:
Instead of night's black birds and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height so black obscure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such sable damps, though they be hideous black:
Stern horrors here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf destine for a gate to hell.

* Moor: black.

Forth from this place of dread, earth to appal,
Three Furies * rushed at the angel's call.
One with long tresses doth her visage mask,
Her temples clouding in a horrid casque ;
Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,
Which flames and terror hurleth everywhere ;
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in sable field ;
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair stills blood,
Blood trills from either pap ; and where she stood
Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath ;
Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no sooner she uprears,
When earth of swords, helms, lances, straight appears
To be delivered, and from out her womb
In flame-wing'd thunders artillery doth come ;
Floods' silver streams do take a blushing dye,
The plains with breathless bodies buried lie ;
Rage, wrong, rapt, sacrilege do her attend,
Fear, discord, wrack, and woes which have none end :
Town is by town, and prince by prince withstood,
Earth turns an hideous shambles, a lake of blood.
The next, with eyes sunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, snarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dried-up bones scarce covered with her skin,
Bewraying that strange structure built within,
Thigh-bellyless, most ghastly to the sight,
A wasted skeleton resembleth right.

* Three Furies : War, Famine, and Pestilence.

Where she doth roam, in air faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthless brood and harmless herds;
The woods' wild foragers do howl and roar,
The humid swimmers die along the shore;
In towns, the living do the dead up-eat,
Then die themselves; alas! and wanting meat,
Mothers not spare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn those nests of life to fatal tombs.
Last did a saffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With dusky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with stinking fumes the air bespread;
In either hand she held a whip, whose wires
Still'd poison, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
Relentless, she each state, sex, age defiles,
Earth streams with gores, burns with invenom'd biles;
Where she repairs, towns do in deserts turn,
The living have no pause the dead to mourn;
The friend, ah! dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd, the wife the husband flies;
Men basilisks to men prove, and by breath
Than lead or steel bring worse and swifter death:
No cypress, obsequies, no tomb they have,
The sad heaven mostly serves them for a grave.
These over earth tumultuously do run,
South, north, from rising to the setting sun;
They some time part, yet, than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great Quinzai ye it know, Susania's pride,
And you where stately Tiber's streams do glide,

Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus' sevenfold tide doth flow:
Ye know it, empresses on Thames, Rhone, Seine,
And ye fair queens by Tagus, Danube, Rhine.
Though they do scour the earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content the angels leave their charge:
We of her wrack these slender signs may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.
This centre's centre with a mighty blow
One bruiseth, whose crack'd concaves louder low
And rumble, than if all the artillery
On earth discharg'd at once were in the sky;
Her surface shakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topsy-turvy, of heights making plain;
Towns them ingulf, and late where towers did stand,
Now naught remaineth but a waste of sand;
With turning eddies seas sink underground,
And in their floating depths are valleys found;
Late where with foamy crests waves tilted waves,
Now fishy bottoms shine and mossy caves.
The mariner casts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no shore; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
The streams rush back again with storming tide,
And now his ships on crystal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond seas and hope,
And settle on some hill or palace top,
Or, by triumphant surges overdriven,
Show earth their entrails, and their keels the heaven.

Sky's cloudy tables some do paint with fights
Of armed squadrons, justling steeds and knights,
With shining crosses, judge, and sapphire throne;
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan,
And plaints sent forth are heard; new worlds seen, shine
With other suns and moons, false stars decline,
And dive in seas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there.
Others the heavenly bodies do displace,
Make sun his sister's stranger steps to trace;
Beyond the course of spheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arcturus doth approach;
The Scythian amaz'd is at such beams,
The Mauritanian to see icy streams;
The shadow which erewhile turn'd to the west,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the east;
New stars above the eighth heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's sphere;
Shrunk nearer earth, all blackened now and brown,
In mask of weeping clouds appears the moon.
There are no seasons; autumn, summer, spring,
Are all stern winter, and no birth forth bring;
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the judge with purple robe.
At first, entranc'd, with sad and curious eyes
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies;
The stargazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which dream
An everlastingness in world's vast frame,

Think well some region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the whole nor time nor force can shake;
Yet, frantic, muse to see heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vasts of the sea and empiries of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known.
Alas! say they, what boots our toils and pains?
Of care on earth is this the furthest gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate,
O no! to blast our pride the heavens do threat;
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die.
As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
From out their grandam Earth they fain would fly,
But whither know not, heavens are far and high.
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress,
But public cries do private tears suppress;
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidst this mass of cruelty and slights,
This galley full of God-despising wights,
This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage
Where all act folly, misery, and rage;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell,
Those numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless rout,
Wand'ring the earth, which God had chosen out

To live with him (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds earth's garden overgrow;
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine),
By purple tyrants which pursued and chas'd,
Liv'd recluses, in lonely islands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forests wild,
Which they than towns more harmless found, and mild;
Where many a hymn they to their Maker's praise
Teach'd groves and rocks, which did resound their lays.
Nor sword nor famine, nor plague poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing everywhere,
Nor all the sad disorder of this All,
Could this small handful of the world appal.
But as the flower, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,
So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the twins' dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield;
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures did begin to change;
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.
What can, say they, these changes else portend,
Of this great frame save the approaching end?
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower;

Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of divine Justice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day! O cheerful holy day,
Which night's sad sables shall not take away!
Farewell, complaints, and ye yet doubtful thoughts,
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time sought;
Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopp'd, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of heaven;
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these eyne
Even face to face our Maker shall be seen.
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight!
O welcome object of all true delight!
Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word,
O come still hop'd-for, come, long wish'd-for Lord!
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they shew fire's elemental sphere;
The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deafening thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangour quakes,
Immur'd with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,

And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and mustereth into human shapes:
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold and the electar * bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above,
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And, beaming glory, show the King of Heaven.
What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Entering a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire,
Where cutted carcasses' quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Troy, which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air,
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair,
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wrack,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack,
Or these together shown, the image, face,
Can represent of earth, and plaintful case,
Which must lie smoking in the world's vast womb,
And to itself both fuel be and tomb?
Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering emperor of time

* Electar: perhaps amber, ἤλεκτρον.

Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill and collin crowns with palms;
Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious
myrrh,
And cedars overtop the pine and fir;
Near where the aged phœnix, tired of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death;
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth, * * *

The rest is desired.

ON THE REPORT OF THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR.

If that were true which whispered is by Fame,
That Damon's light no more on earth doth burn,
His patron Phœbus physic would disclaim,
And cloth'd in clouds as erst for Phaethon mourn.

Yea, Fame by this had got so deep a wound,
That scarce she could have power to tell his death,
Her wings cut short; who could her trumpet sound,
Whose blaze of late was nurs'd but by his breath?

That spirit of his which most with mine was free,
By mutual traffic interchanging store,
If chas'd from him, it would have com'd to me,
Where it so oft familiar was before.

Some secret grief distempering first my mind,
Had, though not knowing, made me feel this loss;
A sympathy had so our souls combin'd,
That such a parting both at once would toss.

Though such reports to others terror give,
Thy heavenly virtues who did never spy,
I know, thou, that canst make the dead to live,
Immortal art, and needs not fear to die.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

TO S. W. A.*

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breath,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
  Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
  The murmuring Esk; may roses shade the place!

* Sir William Alexander.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST EXCELLENT LADY, JANE, COUNTESS OF PERTH.

THIS beauty, which pale death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like to thunder burn;
So little life so much of worth it had!
Heavens but to show their might here made it shine,
And when admir'd, then in the world's disdain,
O tears! O grief! did call it back again,
Lest earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on earth, her soul above.

TO THE OBSEQUIES OF THE BLESSED PRINCE, JAMES, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

LET holy David, Solomon the wise,
That king whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame;

* First published in the second edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630.

And bow before thy laurel anademe
Let all those sacred swans, which to the skies
By never-dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where sun doth set and rise.
Religion, orphan'd, waileth o'er thine urn,
Out Justice weeps her eyes, now truly blind;
In Niobes the remnant virtues turn;
Fame, but to blaze thy glories, lives behind.
The world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH,

PRINCE CHARLES

THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MONARCH,

PRINCE CHARLES,

King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, into his Ancient and Royal City of Edinburgh, the 15th of June, MDCXXXIII.

WITHOUT the gate which is towards the west, where the street ascendeth to Heriot's Hospital, did an arch arise of height * * * of breadth * * * square with the battlements and inmost side of the town-wall: the face looking to the Castle represented a city situated on a rock, which with pointed cliffs, shrubs, trees, herbs, and verdure, did appear in perspective upon the battlements. In great letters was written,

ΠΤΕΡΩΤΑ ΣΤΡΑ-
ΤΟΠΕΔΑ,

as Ptolomeus nameth it.* In a less and different character was written,

CASTRA PUELLARUM;

* Πτερωτὸν στρατόπεδον, the winged camp; *castra alata.* But it is doubtful if Edinburgh be the place meant by Ptolemy.

and under that, in a different colour, *M. Edenbourgh.* The rock was inscribed *Montagna de Diamant*, after two Italians, which gave that name to the greatest rock near Edinburgh, and Cardan, who in his book *De Rerum Varietate*, highly prizeth the diamond of the rock.

In the frieze under the town was written,

INGREDERE AC NOSTRIS SUCCEDE PENATIBUS.

Upon one side of the town was drawn the flood Lithus,* in a mantle of sea-green or water-colour, a crown of sedges and reeds on his head, with long locks: his arm leaned upon an earthen pot, out of which water and fishes seemed to run forth; in his hand he held a bundle of flowers. Over him was written,

PICCIOL MA FAMOSO.

On the other side of the town appeared Neptune bestriding his Hippocampus, the Nereids about him, his trident in his hand. The word over him was,

ADSUM DEFENSOR UBIQUE.

The theatre under the arch was a mountain, upon which appeared the Genius of the town, represented by a nymph: she was attired in a sea-green velvet mantle, her sleeves and under-robe of blue tissue, with blue buskins on her feet; about her neck she wore a chain of diamonds, the dressing of her head

* The flood Lithus: Leith Water.

represented a castle with turrets, her locks dangled about her shoulders. Upon her right hand stood Religion all in white taffeta, with a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head, to show from whence she is: she leaned her on a scutcheon, whereupon was a cross with the word,

CŒLO DESCENDIT AB ALTO.

Beneath her feet lay Superstition trampled, a woman blind, in old and worn garments; her scutcheon had, *Ultra Sauromatas.** On the left hand of this nymph stood Justice, a woman in a red damask mantle, her under-garments cloth of silver; on her head a crown of gold; on a scutcheon she had balances and a sword drawn. The word was,

FIDA REGNORUM CUSTOS.

Beneath the feet of Justice lay Oppression trampled, a person of a fierce aspect, in arms, but broken all and scattered. The word was,

TENENTE CAROLO TERRAS.

The mountain, at the approach of the King's Majesty, moved, and the nymph thus spake unto him:—

"SIR,—If nature could suffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this town, founded on

* *Ultra Sauromatas.* The meaning is, that superstition was banished beyond the Sarmatians; *i.e.*, to the farthest confines of the earth.

the strength of rocks (now, by all-cheering rays of your Majesty's presence, taking not only motion, but life), had, with her castle, temples, and houses, moved towards you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours, and her indwellers your most humble and affectionate subjects, and to believe how many souls are within her circuits, so many lives are devoted to your sacred person and crown. And here, Sir, she offers by me, to the altar of your glory, whole hecatombs of most happy desires, praying all things may prove prosperous unto you, that every virtue and heroic grace which make a prince eminent, may with a long and blessed government attend you, your kingdoms flourishing abroad with bays, at home with olives; presenting you, Sir (who art the strong key of this little world of Great Britain), with these keys, which cast up the gates of her affection, and design you power to open all the springs of the hearts of these her most loyal citizens. Yet this almost not necessary, for as the rose at the far-appearing of the morning star displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at the very noise of your happy return to this your native country, their hearts, if they could have shined without their breasts, were with joy and fair hopes made spacious; nor did they ever in all parts feel a more comfortable heat than the glory of your presence at this time darteth upon them.

"The old forget their age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a Prince; the young bear a part in your welcome, desiring many years of life, that they may serve you long; all have more

joys than tongues, for, as the words of other nations far go beyond and surpass the affection of their hearts, so in this nation the affection of their hearts is far above all they can express by words. Deign then, Sir, from the highest of majesty, to look down on their lowness, and embrace it; accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their grateful zeal, and for deeds accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your ancestors, and shall ever to your own, and your royal race, whilst these rocks shall be overshadowed with buildings, these buildings inhabited by men, and while men be endued either with counsel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reason, sense, or life."

The keys being delivered in a basin of silver, and his Majesty received by the magistrates under a pall of state, where the street ascendeth proudest, beginning to turn towards the gate of the old town, he meeteth with an arch, the height of which was * * * the breadth * * * The frontispiece of this represented, in landscape, a country wild, full of trees, bushes, boars, white kine, along the which appeared one great mountain to extend itself, with the word upon it,

GRAMPIUS.

In some parts was seen the sea enriched with coral, and the mussel that conceiveth the pearl; farther off, in an island, appeared a flaming mountain, with the word,

TIBI SERVIET ULTIMA THULE.

On the chapter was a lion rampant; the word,

IMPERAT IPSE SIBI.

On the landscape was *Caledonia* in great letters written, and part represented a number of men in arms, flying and retiring, with S. P. Q. R. on their ensigns, which shew them to be Romans; another part had a number of naked persons flying and enchained, with the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, drawn on their skins, and shapes of flowers, which represented the Picts, under the Romans, and underwritten,

FRACTI BELLO, FATISQUE REPULSI.

A curtain falling, the theatre discovered a lady attired in tissue; her hair was dressed like a cornucopia; two chains, one of gold, another of pearl, baudrick-ways, hung down her shoulders; a crown of gold hung from the arch before her: she represented the Genius of Caledonia. Near unto her stood a woman with an olive-coloured mask, long black locks waving over her back; her attire was of divers coloured feathers, which shew her to be an American, and to represent New Scotland. The scutcheon in her hand bare the arms of New Scotland, with this word,

AUSPICIIS, CAROLE MAGNE, TUIS.

His Majesty coming near, was welcomed with these verses by

CALEDONIA.

THE heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are, no higher now aspires
Our wishing thought, since to his native clime
The flower of Princes, honour of his time—
Encheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams—
Is come, and radiant to us in his train
The golden age and virtues brings again.
Prince so much longed for, how thou becalm'st
Mind's easeless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence! Now
In swelling tides joys everywhere do flow
By thine approach; and that the world may see
What unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless fate thy parent reft away,
And made a star, appear'd not anywhere,
To gratulate thy coming come am here.
Hail, Princes' phœnix, Monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of love and justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive! To thee this crown
Is due by birth, but more it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should flow
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcasses of slain,
This isle become a red sea. Now how sweet

Is it to me, when love and laws thus meet,
To girt thy temples with this diadem,
My nurslings' sacred fear, and dearest gem !
No Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could this acquire and keep ; the heavens in arms
From us repell'd all perils, nor by wars
Ought here was won but gaping wounds and scars :
Our lion's climacteric now is past,
And crown'd with bays he rampants free at last.
Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold ;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls,
Nor Memphis' spires, nor Quinzay's arched frames,
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names :
Faith, milk-white Faith, of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity ;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company ;
A Mars-adorning brood is here, their wealth
Sound minds and bodies of as sound a health ;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and towers,
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebes' bowers ;
Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleasant shed
Of oak and plane oft serves them for a bed :
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the vastest lakes appal,
Being to themselves oars, steerers, ship and all,

Is their renown. A brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace ;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,
Which here, great King, they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree :
Though much it be to come of princely stem,
More is it to deserve a diadem.
Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see ;
A Prince all-gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine
Of virtues, like the stars about the pole
Gilding the night, enlight'neth every soul
Your sceptre sways ; a Prince born in this age,
To guard the innocents from tyrants' rage,
To make peace prosper, justice to reflower
In desert hamlet as in lordly bower ;
A Prince that, though of none he stand in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law ;
Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects ;
His people's pedestal, who, rising high
To grace this throne, makes Scotland's name to fly
On halcyon's wings, her glory which restores
Beyond the ocean to Columbus' shores.
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more ;
High value what ye hold, him deep ingrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have ;

For, as moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O love this Prince with an eternal love!
Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear,
His temples long, more orient, may bear;
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That even his shadow may the bad affray;
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow;
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast;
That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south do he his forces bend,
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quail the Nimrod of the Hellespont;
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And, rearing up fair trophies, that heavens may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

The other face of the arch shew men, women, and children, dancing after diverse postures, with many musical instruments. The word above them, in great characters, was,

HILARITATI PUBLICÆ

*S. P. Q. E. P.**

* *Senatus Populusque Edinburgenus posuerunt.*

Where the great street divideth itself in two, upon the old foundations, inhabited by the goldsmiths and glovers, did an arch arise of height * * * of breadth * * * Upon the chapter of this arch was a crown set, with this word,

NEC PRIMAM VISA EST SIMILEM, NEC HABERE SECUNDAM.

The face of the arch had an aback, or square, with this inscription,

CAROLO, MAG. BRIT. REG. JACOBI FILIO, PRINCI. OPTIMO, MAXIMO, LIBERT. VINDICI, RESTAURATORI LEGUM, FUNDATORI QUIETIS, CONSERVATORI ECCLESIÆ, REGNI ULTRA OCEANUM IN AMERICAM PROMOTORI, S. P. Q. E. P.

Amidst flourishes of arms, as helms, lances, corslets, pikes, muskets, bows, cannons, at the one side of the aback stood Mars. The word by him was,

PATRIUM COGNOSCITE NUMEN.

At the other side, amongst flourishes of instruments of peace, as harps, lutes, organs, cithers, hautboys, stood Minerva; her word,

QUO SINE ME.

Upon each side was arms of the two kingdoms, and an intertexture of crowns, with a word,

NEXUS FŒLIX.

Upon the frieze was written

* * * GENUS IMMORTALE MANET, MULTOSQUE PER ANNOS STAT FORTUNA DOMUS, ET AVI NUMERANTUR AVORUM.

At the approach of the King, the theatre, a curtain drawn, manifested Mercury, with his feathered hat and his caduceus, with an hundred and seven Scottish kings, which he had brought from the Elysian fields. Fergus, the first, had a speech in Latin, which is here desired. * * Upon the cross of the town was a show of panisks: Bacchus, crowned with ivy, and naked from the shoulders up, bestrode a hogshead; by him stood Silenus, Sylvanus, Pomona, Venus. Ceres, in a straw-coloured mantle, embroidered with ears of corn, and a dressing of the same on her head, should have delivered a speech to the King, but was interrupted by the Satyrs. She bare a scutcheon, upon which was,

SUSTULIT EXUTIS VINCLIS AD SIDERA PALMAS,

meaning, by the King she was free of the great abuse of the tithes of this country.

In the midst of the street there was a mountain dressed for Parnassus, where Apollo and the Muses appeared, and ancient worthies of Scotland for learning was represented; such as Sedulius, Joannes Duns, Bishop Elphinston of Aberdeen, Hector Boece, Joannes Major, Bishop Gawin Douglass, Sir David Lindsay, Georgius Buchananus. The word over them was,

FAMA SUPER ÆTHERA NOTI.

The Muses were clad in varying taffetas, cloth of silver, and purl;* Melpomene, though her undervesture was black, yet her buskins and mantle were crimson. They were distinguished by the scutcheons they bare, and more properly than by their flats. Every one had a word. The first was Clio, who bare

SI VIS OMNIA TIBI SUBJICI, SUBJICE TE RATIONI,

which was the King's symbol when he was Prince.

Melpomene had the symbol of King James,

PARCERE SUBJECTIS, ET DEBELLARE SUPERBOS.

Thalia had that of Queen Anna,

MIA, MA GRANDEZZA DEL EXCELSO.

Euterpe had the word of Prince Henry,

FAX GLORIA MENTIS HONESTÆ.

Terpsichore,

REGNI CLEMENTIA CUSTOS.

Erato,

PARENDO IMPERAT.

Calliope,

AUREA SORS REGUM EST, ET VELLE ET POSSE BEARE.

---

* Purl (purfle): an embroidered border; embroidery.

Urania,

NON VINCI POTIS EST NEQUE FINGI REGIA VIRTUS.

Polyhymnia,

PATIENS SIT PRINCIPIS AURIS.

Apollo, sitting in the midst of them, was clad in crimson taffeta, covered with some purl of gold, with a bawdrick like the rainbow, a mantle of tissue knit together above his left shoulder; his head was crowned with laurel, with locks long and like gold: he presented the King with a book.

Where the great street contracteth itself, at the descent of the eastern gate of the town, did an arch arise of height * * * * of breadth * * * * The face of this represented a heaven, into the which appeared his Majesty's ascendant *Virgo*. She was beautified with six-and-twenty stars, after that order that they are in their constellation, one of them being of the first magnitude, the rest of third and fourth. By her was written,

HABET QUANTUM ÆTHER HABEBAT.

Beneath, on the earth, lay the Titans prostrate, with mountains over them, as when they attempted to bandy against the gods. Their word was on the frieze,

MONITI NE TEMNITE DIVOS.

The chapter shew the three Parcæ, where was written,

THY LIFE WAS KEPT TILL THESE THREE SISTERS SPUN
THEIR THREADS OF GOLD, AND THEN THY LIFE BEGUN.*

The stand discovered the seven planets sitting on a throne, and Endymion. Saturn, in a sad blue mantle, embroidered with golden flames; his girdle was like a snake biting his tail; his scutcheon bare,

SPONDEO DIGNA TUIS INGENTIBUS OMNIA CŒPTIS.

Jupiter was in a mantle of silver, embroidered with lilies and violets. His scutcheon bare,

SAT MIHI SIT CŒLUM, POST HÆC TUA FULMINA SUNTO.

Mars, his hair and beard red, a sword at his side, had his robe of deep crimson taffeta, embroidered with wolves and horses. His head bare a helmet, and his scutcheon,

PER TELA, PER HOSTES.

The Sun had a crown of flowers on his head, as marigolds and pansies, and a tissue mantle. His scutcheon bare,

IMPERIUM SINE FINE DEDI.

---

* These verses are from *Forth Feasting*, lines 117, 118.

Venus had the attire of her head rising like parts in a coronet, and roses; she was in a mantle of green damask embroidered with doves; instead of her cæstus, she wore a scarf of diverse colours; her word,

NULLAS RECIPIT TUA GLORIA METAS.

Mercury had a dressing on his head of parti-coloured flowers, his mantle parti-coloured; his word,

FATA ASPERA RUMPES.

The Moon had the attire of her head like an half moon or crescent of pearl; her mantle was sad damask fringed with silver, embroidered with chameleons and gourds; her word,

CONSEQUITUR QUODCUNQUE PETIT.

At a corner of the theatre, from out a verdant grove, came Endymion. He was apparelled like a shepherd, in a long coat of crimson velvet coming over his knee; he had a wreath of flowers upon his head, his hair was curled, and long; in his hand he bare a sheep-hook, on his legs were buskins of gilt leather. These before the King had this action.

ENDYMION.

Rous'd from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empress of the lowest of the spheres,
Who cheers the night, did keep me hid apart
From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,

As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the morning * rose,
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And warbling sweet lays to my Cynthia's beams,
Out-sang the swannets of Meander's streams;
To whom, for guerdon, she heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and powers of stars;
By this dear lady's strict commandement,
To celebrate this day I here am sent.
But whether is this heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are heaven's flaming splendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits my sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd;
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd.
Sure this is heaven, for every wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal, sad aspects abandoning,
Are here assembled to greet some darling;
Nor is it strange if they heaven's height neglect,
Unwonted worth produceth like effect.
Then this it is, thy presence, royal youth,
Hath brought them here within an azimuth,
To tell by me, their herald, coming things,
And what each Fate to her stern distaff sings;
Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden ciphers clear to read.

* Morning; the Maitland Club edition reads "Maying."

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Hear then the augur of thy future days,
And all the starry senate of thee says;
For what is firm decreed in heaven above,
In vain on earth strive mortals to improve.

SATURN.

To fair hopes to give reins now is it time,
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O halcyonian, clear, and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away,
And vex antarctic climes; Great Britain's woes
Evanish, joy now in her zenith glows.
The old Leucadian scythe-bearing sire,
Though cold, for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright
And strong in power and glory every way
As when thy peerless parent did it sway;
Ne'er turning wrinkled in time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which steadfast as the pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll.
More to inhance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he shall restore again,
Love, justice, honour, innocence renew,
Men's spirits with white simplicity endue,
Make all to live in plenty's ceaseless store
With equal shares, not wishing to have more.

Then shall not cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
On earth shall sky with lovely glances smile,
Untill'd which shall each flower and herb bring forth,
And with fair gardens make of equal worth:
Life long shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates,
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

JOVE.

Delight of heaven, sole honour of the earth,
Jove, courting thine ascendant, at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,
That empiries should to thy worth be due:
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state;
Rare gifts whose ardours burn the hearts of all,
Like tinder when flint atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane * which thy fair course directs,
Thy counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice kept low by grants, and wrongs, and jars, †
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars;
Whom nought save law of force could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law;
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,

* Tramontane, polar star. Ital. *Tramontana.*

† Perhaps we should read "giant wrongs and jars." His majesty's "grants" may have contributed to the low condition of justice, but this is hardly what Drummond would intend. Phillips has "giants, wrongs, and jars."

Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold.
All overcome, at last thy self o'ercome,
Thou shalt make passion yield to reason's doom;
For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it ere declin'd;
True honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith thou shalt, supercheries*
Detest, and beagling marmosets† despise.
Thou others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give that thou may'st still give more;
Thou shalt no paranymph‡ raise to high place,
For frizzl'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face;
On gorgeous raiments, womanising toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth destroys,
The maze of fools, thou shalt no treasure spend;
Thy charge to immortality shall tend,
Raise palaces and temples vaulted high,
Rivers o'erarch; of hospitality,
Of sciences, the ruin'd inns restore,
With walls and ports encircle Neptune's shore;
To new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
And find of Canada the unknown source;
People those lands which pass Arabian fields
In fragrant wood, and musk which zephyr yields.

* Supercheries (French): frauds.

† Phillips reads "fawning parasites."

‡ Paranymph: the bridegroom's "best man;" hence, assistant, encourager. Here perhaps it means a womanish man.

Thou, fear'd of none, shalt not thy people fear,
Thy people's love thy greatness shall uprear;
Still rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower,
What love can do thou shalt not do by power;
New and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,
Load heavy those thy bounty should support;
Thou shalt not strike the hinge nor master beam*
Of thine estate, but errors in the same
By harmless justice graciously reform,
Delighting more in calm than roaring storm;
Thou shalt govern in peace as did thy sire,
Keep, save thine own, and kingdoms new acquire
Beyond Alcides' pillars, and those bounds
Where Alexander's fame till now resounds,
Till thou the greatest be among the greats:
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

MARS.

Son of the lion, thou of loathsome bands
Shalt free the earth, and whate'er thee withstands
Thy noble paws shall tear: the god of Thrace
Shall be thy second; and before thy face,
To Truth and Justice whilst thou trophies rears,
Armies shall fall dismay'd with panic fears,
As when Aurora in skies' azure lists
Makes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,
And in a twinkling with her opal light
Night's horrors checketh, putteth stars to flight.

* Lines 49–50 are inserted from Phillips's edition.

More to inflame thee to this noble task,
To thee he here resigns his sword and casque.
A wall of flying castles, armed pines,
Shall bridge thy sea, like heaven with steel that shines,
To aid earth's tenants by foul yokes oppress'd,
And fill with fears the great king of the west.*
To thee already Victory displays
Her garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
Thy triumphs finish shall all old debates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

SUN.

Wealth, wisdom, glory, pleasure, stoutest hearts,
Religion, laws, Hyperion imparts
To thy just reign, which shall far, far surpass
Of emperors, kings, the best that ever was.
Look how he dims the stars! Thy glory's rays
So darken shall the lustre of these days;
For in fair Virtue's zodiac thou shalt run,
And in the heaven of worthies be the sun.
No more contemn'd shall hapless learning lie;
The maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
For bay and ivy, which their brows enroll'd,
Thou shalt them deck with gems and shining gold;
Thou open shalt Parnassus' crystal gates:
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

* King of the West: the Emperor.

VENUS.

The Acidalian queen amidst thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleasant days;
She did make clear thy house, and with her light
Of cheerless stars put back the dismal spite.
Thy Hymenean bed fair brood shall grace,
Which on the earth continue shall their race,
While Flora's treasure shall the meads endear,
While sweet Pomona rose-cheek'd fruits shall bear,
While Phœbe's beams her brother's emulates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

MERCURY.

Great Atlas' nephew shall the works of peace
(The springs of plenty), tillage, trades increase,
And arts, in time's gulfs lost, again restore
To their perfection, nay, find many more.
More perfect artists, Cylops in their forge,
Shall mould those brazen typhons which disgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and smoke,
Muffling the air up in a sable cloak:
The sea shrinks at the blow, shake doth the ground,
The world's west corners doth the sound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove appall'd doth shroud him in the dark.
Many a Tiphys,* in adventures lost,
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast

* Tiphys: mariner. Tiphys was the helmsman of the ship *Argo*.

With thy sail-winged argosies find out,
Which like the sun shall run the earth about,
And far beyond his paths score wavy ways,
To Cathay's lands by Hyperborean seas.
He shall endue thee both in peace and war
With wisdom, which than strength is better far;
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall grace thy states:
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

THE MOON.

O how the fair Queen with the golden maids,
The sun of night, thy happy fortunes aids!
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them she wane, to thee would full appear.
Her handmaid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos, that no force it wound;
Then when thou left it, and abroad did stray,
Dear pilgrim, she did strew with flowers the way,
And, turning foreign force and counsel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again:
To thee she kingdoms, years, bliss did divine,
Quailing Medusa's grim snakes with her shine.
Beneath thy reign Discord (fell mischief's forge,
The bane of peoples, state and kingdom's scourge),
Pale Envy, with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die;
Malice, deceit, rebellion, impudence,

Beyond the Garamants * shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

ENDYMION.

That heretofore to thy heroic mind
Haps, hopes not answer'd as they were design'd,
O do not think it strange! Times were not come,
And these fair stars had not pronounc'd their doom;
The destinies did on that day attend,
When to this northern region thou should lend
Thy cheering presence, and, charg'd with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown.
Thy virtues now thy just desire shall grace,
Stern chance shall change, and to desert give place:
Let this be known to all the Fates admit
To their grave counsel, and to every wit
That spies heaven's inside: this let Sibyls know,
And those mad Corybants which dance and glow
On Dindymus' high tops with frantic fire;
Let this be known to all Apollo's quire;
And, people, let it not be hid from you,
What mountains noise and floods proclaim as true:
Wherever fame abroad his praise shall ring,
All shall observe and serve this blessed King!

The back face of this arch, towards the east, had the three Graces drawn upon it, which were naked, and in others' hands; they were crowned with ears of

* Garamantes: a people of the interior of Africa.

corn, flowers, and grapes, to signify fecundity; their word,

LÆTO TESTAMUR GAUDIA PLAUSU.

By them was Argus, full of eyes; his word,

UT VIDEAM.

Under all was written,

TALES ROMA FUIT QUONDAM ADMIRATA TRIUMPHOS.

The Emperor Justinian appointed that the shows and spectacles made to princes should be seven for the east. On the battlements of the east gate, in a coat all full of eyes and tongues, with a trumpet in her hand, as if she would sound, stood Fame, the wings of the bat at her feet, a wreath of gold on her head; and by her, Honour, a person of a reverend countenance, in a blue mantle of the colour of silver, his hair broidered with silver, shadowing in waves his shoulders. They were above the statue of King James, under which was written,

PLACIDA POPULOS IN PACE REGEBAT.

At length we see those eyes
Which cheer both earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richest robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here could thy Prince still stay,
Each month should turn in May;

We need not star nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days and joys begun ;
Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now majesty and love
Combin'd are from above ;
Prince never sceptre sway'd
Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys, did ye always last,
Life's spark ye soon would waste ;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past.

EPIGRAM.

Illustrious top-bough of heroic stem,
Whose head is crown'd with glory's anadem,
My shallow muse, not daring to draw near
Bright Phœbus' burning flames in his career,
Yet knowing surely that Apollo shines
Upon the dunghill, as on golden mines,
And knowing this the bounty of best kings,
To mark the giver, not the gifted things ;
Doth boldly venture in this pompous throng
To greet thy greatness with a welcome song,
And with the pye doth *Ave Cæsar* sing,
While graver wits do greater off'rings bring.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

COMMENDATORY VERSES

SONNET

TO SIR W. ALEXANDER.

[Prefixed to Doomes-day, by Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Edinburgh, 1614, 4to.]

LIKE Sophocles, the hearers in a trance,
With crimson cothurn on a stately stage
If thou march forth, where all with pomp doth glance,
To moan the monarchs of the world's first age;
Or if, like Phœbus, thou thyself advance,
All bright with sacred flames, known by heaven's badge,
To make a day, of days which scorns the rage,
Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth scance; *
Thy Phœnix-muse still wing'd with wonders flies,
Praise of our brooks, stain to old Pindus' springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with stars heavens Orpheus' harp enrol,
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

* Scance = scan.

TO THE AUTHOR, SONNET.

[Prefixed to the famous Historie of Penardo and Laissa, by PATRICK GORDON. Dort, 1615, 8vo.]

COME forth, Laissa, spread thy locks of gold,
Show thy cheeks' roses in their virgin prime,
And though no gems thee deck which Indies hold,
Yield not unto the fairest of thy time.
No ceruse brought from far beyond the seas,
No poison like cinnabar paints thy face;
Let them have that whose native hues displease,
Thou gracest nakedness, it doth thee grace.
Thy sire no pick-purse is of others' wit,
Those jewels be his own which thee adorn;
And though thou after greater ones be born,
Thou may'st be bold even midst the first to sit;
For whilst fair Juliet, or the Faery Queen,
Do live with theirs, thy beauty shall be seen.

ON THE DEATH OF GODEFRID VANDER HAGEN.

[Prefixed to G. VANDER HAGEN Miscellanea Poemata Middelburgi, 1619, 4to.]

SCARCE I four lustres had enjoyed breath,
When my life's thread was cut by cruel death;
Few were my years, so were my sorrows all,
Long days have drams of sweet, but pounds of gall;
And yet the fruits which my fair spring did give,
Prove some may longer breathe, not longer live.

That craggy path which doth to virtue lead,
With steps of honour I did strongly tread;
I made sweet lays, and into notes divine
Outsung Apollo and the Muses nine;
Forth's sweetest swannets did extol my verse,
Forth's sweetest swannets now weep o'er my hearse
For which I pardon Fates my date of years;
Kings may have vaster tombs, not dearer tears.

OF MY LORD OF GALLOWAY HIS LEARNED COMMENTARY ON THE REVELATION.

[Prefixed to Pathmos; or a Commentary on the Revelation of Saint Iohn, by WILLIAM COWPER, Bishop of Galloway. London, 1619, 4to.]

To this admir'd discoverer give place,
Ye who first tam'd the sea, the winds outran,
And match'd the day's bright coachman in your race,
Americus, Columbus, Magellan.
It is most true that your ingenious care
And well-spent pains another world brought forth,
For beasts, birds, trees, for gems and metals rare,
Yet all being earth, was but of earthly worth.
He a more precious world to us descries,
Rich in more treasure than both Inds contain,
Fair in more beauty than man's wit can feign,
Whose sun not sets, whose people never dies.
Earth should your brows deck with still-verdant bays,
But heavens crown his with stars' immortal rays.

ON THE BOOK.

[Prefixed to Heptameron, the Seven Dayes, &c., by A. Symson. Saint Andrew's, 1621, 8vo.]

God, binding with hid tendons this great All,
Did make a lute which had all parts it given;
This lute's round belly was the azur'd heaven,
The rose those lights which he did there instal;
The basses were the earth and ocean;
The treble shrill the air; the other strings
The unlike bodies were of mixed things:
And then his hand to break sweet notes began.
Those lofty concords did so far rebound,
That floods, rocks, meadows, forests, did them hear,
Birds, fishes, beasts, danc'd to their silver sound;
Only to them man had a deafen'd ear:
Now him to rouse from sleep so deep and long,
God waken'd hath the echo of this song.

ON THESE LOCKS.

[Prefixed to Samson's Seaven Lockes of Hair, by A. Symson. Saint Andrew's, 1621, 8vo.]

Locks, ornament of angels, diadems
Which the triumphing quires above do crown;
Rich curls of bounty, pinions of renown,
Of that immortal sun immortal beams;
Locks, sacred locks, no, adamantine chains,
Which do shut up and firm together bind

Both that contentment which in life we find,
And bliss which with unbodied souls remains;
Fair locks, all locks compar'd to you, though gold,
Are comets' locks, portending harm and wrath,
Or bald Occasion's lock, that none can hold;
Or Absalom's, which work the wearer's death.
If henceforth beauty e'er my mind subdue,
It shall, dear locks, be for what shines in you.

PARAINETICON.*

[Prefixed to Pallas Armata, or Militarie Instructions for the Learned, by Sir THOMAS KELLIE. Edinburgh, 1627, 4to.]

POOR Rhine, and canst thou see
Thy natives' gore thy crystal curls deface,
Thy nymphs so bright which be,
Half-blackamoors embrace,
And, dull'd with grapes, yet not resent thy case?
Fallen are thy anademes,
O of such goodly cities famous flood!
Dimm'd be thy beauty's beams,
And with thy spoils and blood
Hell is made rich, proud the Iberian blood.
And you, fair Europe's queen,
Which hast with lilies deck'd your purple seat,
Can you see those have been
Stern comets to your state,
On neighbours' wrack to grow so hugely great?

* Paraineticon (Greek): an exhortation.

Look how much Iber gains,
By as much lessened is your flowery throne;
O do not take such pains
On Bartholomews alone,
But seek to reacquire your Pampelone.
Brave people, which indwell
The happiest isle that Neptune's arms embrace!
World, which doth yet excel
In what first worlds did grace,
Do never to base servitude give place;
Marshal your wits and arms,
Your courage whet with pity and disdain,
Your * deem your allies' harms:
All lose or reobtain,
And either palm or fatal cypress gain.
To this great spirit's frame
If moulded were all minds, all endeavours,
Could worth thus all inflame,
Then not this isle were ours
Alone, but all between sun's golden bowers.

OF THE BOOK.

[Prefixed to the True Crucifixe for True Catholickes, by Sir William Moore. Edinburgh, 1629, 8vo.]

You that with awful eyes and sad regards,
Gazing on masts of ships cross'd with their yards;
Or when ye see a microcosm to swim,
At ev'ry stroke the crucifix do limn

* Your: *i.e.* yours.

In your brain's table ; or when smaller things,
As pied butterflies, and birds their wings
Do raise a cross, straight on your knees do fall
And worship ; you, that every painted wall,
Grac'd with some antic face, some godling make,
And practise whoredom for the cross's sake
With bread, stone, metal ; read these sacred lays,
And, proselytes, proclaim the author's praise :
Such fame your transformation shall him give,
With Homer's ever that his name shall live.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY JANE MAITLAND.

[Subjoined to a Funerall Sermon, preached at the Buriall of the Lady Jane Maitland, daughter to Iohn Earle of Lauderdail. Edinburgh, 1633, 4to.]

THE flower of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthless destinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from earth, poor earth, before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet modesty
No more appears ; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes evanish'd are ; she should have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed ; but lo ! in heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given ;
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue was but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what she was in effect,
A shadow from her frame, which did reflect
A portrait by her excellencies limn'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
And Seaton's offspring, know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.
Tombs elsewhere rise, life to their guests to give,
These ashes can frail monuments make live.

OF PERSON'S VARIETIES.

[Prefixed to Varieties, &c., by David Person, of Loghlands. London, 1635, 4to.]

The lawyer here may learn divinity;
The divine, laws of fair astrology;
The dameret,* respectively to fight;
The duellist, to court a mistress right;
Such who their name take from the rosy-cross,
May here by time learn to repair their loss:
All learn may somewhat, if they be not fools;
Arts quicklier here are lesson'd than in schools.

DISTICH OF THE SAME.

This book a world is; here if errors be,
The like, nay worse, in the great world we see.

* Dameret: lady's man, gallant; Fr. *dameret.*

A PASTORAL ELEGY

A PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY ALEXANDER

In sweetest prime and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd as they him lov'd before:
Among the rout him Idmon did deplore,
Idmon, who, whether sun in east did rise
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal, under hawthorn shade;
At last to trees and rocks this plaint he made:
Alcon, delight of heaven, desire of earth,
Offspring of Phœbus, and the Muses' birth,
The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the earth sustains,
What power of thee hath us bereft? what fate
By thy untimely fall would ruinate
Our hopes? O Death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed! how dost thou devour
What we on earth hold dearest! All things good,
Too envious heavens, how blast ye in the bud!
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown,

Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull,
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
With thee, sweet youth, the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields;
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early seasons, cheerful days;
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of rays;
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's quiristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.
Ah, Destinies! and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spright again yet give,
And like another phœnix make him live.
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,
And make with crimson blush our anadems;
The sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;
His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame,
Return to us again, and be the same?
But wretch, what wish I? To the winds I send
These plaints and prayers. Destines cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor heavens consent will thus
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without these lamentations and tears.
Thou wast all virtue, courtesy, and worth,
And as sun's light is in the moon set forth,

World's supreme excellence in thee did shine;
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, whilst eaglets stare on Titan's beams,
Whilst swans upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sung to oaten reed:
While what she found in thee my muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.

How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among,
Contemn'd earth's glow-worm greatness, and the chase
Of fortune scorned, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy! How oft have we
Some Chloris' name grav'n in each virgin tree,
And, finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away!
Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace,
But there to me thou shin'st: late glad desires,
And ye once roses, how are ye turned briers!
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrors, hells of grief.

When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
Thy safe return prefigurating, a heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods;

My Alcon will return, and once again
His chosen exiles he will entertain;
The populous city holds him, amongst harms
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
These banks, said I, he visit will, and streams,
These silent shades ne'er kiss'd by courting beams;
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his passed perils, know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fauns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure to the fields; an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise nature's darlings they live in the world,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans, and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails, the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures, here Amintas sings;
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
Or what the eastern Ind and west hold dear.
Come then, dear youth, the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With rose and lily, to impale thy brows.
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by death was done, and ruthless fate:
Amidst these trances, Fame thy loss doth sound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound;

With stretch'd-out arms I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place ;
A coffin ! of our joys which had the trust,
Which told that thou wast come, but chang'd in dust.
Scarce, even when felt, could I believe this wrack,
Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.
Now since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
To me a sacred altar,,and a tomb
To famous Alcon ; here, as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears,
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till death in end turn monarch of my earth.
Shepherds on Forth, and ye by Doven* rocks
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,
Pay tribute here of tears ; ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad ;
And to their sorrows hither bring your maunds
Charged with sweetest flowers, and with pure hands,
Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose
Spread on the place his relics doth enclose ;
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut :
"Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give
After the noble Alcon left to live ;
Friendship an earthquake suffer'd ; losing him,
Love's brightest constellation turned dim."

* Doven, or Devon : a tributary of the Forth, south of the Ochil Hills.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS

SONNETS

SONETTO.

O CHIOME, parte de la treccia d'oro
Di cui fè amor il laccio, onde fui colto
Qual semplice augelletto, e da qual sciolto
Non spero esser mai più, si pria non moro;
Io vi bacio, io vi stringo, io vi amo e adoro,
Perche adombrasti già quel sacro volto
Che a quanti in terra sono il pregio ha tolto,
Nè lascia senza invidia il divin choro:
A voi dirò gli affanni, e i pensier miei,
Poi che lungi è mia donna, e parlar seco
Mi nega aspra fortuna, e gli empi diei.
Lasso! guarda se amor mi fa ben cieco,
Quando cercar di scioglierme io dovrei,
La rete porto e le catene meco.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RHYME.

O HAIR, sweet hair! part of the tress of gold
Of which love makes his nets, where wretched I

Like simple bird was ta'en, and while I die
Hopeless, I hope your fair knots shall me hold;
You to embrace, kiss, and adore I'm bold,
Because ye shadow did that sacred face,
Stain to all mortals, which from starry place
Hath jealous made those who in spheres are roll'd:
To you I'll tell my thoughts and inward pains,
Since she by cruel heavens now absent is,
And cursed Fortune me from her detains.
Alas! bear witness how my reason is
Made blind by love, while as his nets and chains
I bear about when I should seek my bliss.

IN FREER SORT OF RHYME.

O HAIR, fair hair! some of the golden threads
Of which love weaves the nets that passion breeds,
Where me like silly bird he doth retain,
And only death can make me free again;
Ah, I you love, embrace, kiss, and adore,
For that ye shadow did that face before;
That face so full of beauty, grace, and love,
That it hath jealous made heaven's quire above:
To you I'll tell my secret thoughts and grief,
Since she, dear she, can grant me no relief,
While me from her foul traitor absence binds.
Witness, sweet hair, with me, how love me blinds;
For when I should seek what his force restrains,
I foolish bear about his nets and chains.

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED.

HAIR, sweet hair! touched by Midas' hand
In curling knots, of which love makes his nets,
Who when ye loosest hang me fastest band
To her, world's lily among violets;
Dear fatal present, kissing I adore you,
Because of late ye shade gave to these roses,
That this earth's beauty in their red encloses;
I saw while ye them hid they did decore you:
I'll plain my woes to you, I'll tell my thought,
Alas! since I am absent from my jewel,
By wayward fortune and the heavens more cruel.
Witness be ye what love in me hath wrought,
Instead to seek th' end of my mortal pains,
I take delight to wear his golden chains.

SONETTO DEL BEMBO.

SI come suol, poi che 'l verno aspro e rio
Parte, e dà loco a le stagion migliori,
Vaga cervetta uscir col giorno fuori
Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio;
Ed or su per un colle, or lungo un rio,
Di lontano e da ville e da pastori,
Gir sicura pascendo erbetta e fiori,
Ovunque più la porta il suo desio;
Nè teme di saetta o d'altro inganno,
Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo 'l fianco,

Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi :
Tal io senza temer vicino affanno
Mossi, donna, quel dì che bei vostr' occhi
Me 'mpiagar, lasso! tutto 'l lato manco.

IN THE SAME SORT OF RHYME.

As the young fawn, when winter's gone away,
Unto a sweeter season granting place,
More wanton grown by smiles of heaven's fair face,
Leaveth the silent woods at break of day,
And now on hills, and now by brooks doth prey
On tender flowers, secure and solitar,
Far from all cabins, and where shepherds are ;
Where his desire him guides his foot doth stray,
He feareth not the dart nor other arms,
Till he be shot into the noblest part
By cunning archer, who in dark bush lies :
So innocent, not fearing coming harms,
Wandering was I that day when your fair eyes,
World-killing shafts, gave death-wounds to my heart.

IN FREER SORT OF RHYME.

As the young stag, when Winter hides his face,
Giving unto a better season place,
At break of day comes forth wanton and fair,
Leaving the quiet woods, his sweet repair ;

Now on the hills, now by the river's sides,
He leaps, he runs, and where his foot him guides,
Both sure and solitare, preys on sweet flowers,
Far from all shepherds and their helmish bowers;
He doth not fear the net nor murdering dart,
Till that, poor beast, a shaft be in his heart,
Of one who pitiless in ambush lay:
So innocent, wand'ring that fatal day
Was I, alas! when with a heavenly eye,
Ye gave the blow whereof I needs must die.

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED.

As the young hart, when sun with golden beams
Progresseth in the first post of the sky,
Turning old Winter's snowy hair in streams,
Leaveth the woods where he was wont to lie;
Where his desire him leads, the hills among,
He runs, he feeds, the crooking brooks along,
Imprison'd only with heaven's canopy;
Wanton, he cares not ought that dolour brings,
Hungry, he spares not flowers with names of kings;
He thinks all far, who can him fool espy,
Till bloody bullet part his chiefest part:
In my young spring, alas! so wander'd I,
When cruel she sent out from jetty eye
The deadly shaft of which I bleeding smart.

SONNET.

Ay me, and I am now the man whose muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy abuse
The noble gifts were given them from above?
What metamorphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove.
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power, but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on aught
But that bright cherubin which thralls my thought?

COMPARISON OF HIS THOUGHTS TO PEARLS.

With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed,
And then the birth of that ethereal seed
Shows, when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts, celestial twins, of you,
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true,
If ye then smil'd, or lower'd in mourning weed.
Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
If heavens in their conceptions do look clear;

But if they thunder, or do threat a storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear:
Right so my thoughts and so my notes do change,
Sweet if ye smile, and hoarse if ye look strange.

FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

I.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes and songs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under myrtles' shed,
Or, if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
It is but for some Grecian mistress dead,
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast.
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove,
Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace:
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no, thou learn'dst thy love in lovers' books.

II.

No more with candied words infect mine ears,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguish,
When sound ye sleep; no more say that ye languish,
No more in sweet despite say you spend tears.

Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see
How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow?
Though in love's library yet no lover's he.
If we poor souls least favour but them show,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blazed,
Their name doth soar on our fame's overthrow,
Mark'd is our lightness whilst their wits are praised:
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

Ye who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame dædal nets our beauty to surprise,
Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
And tales of Cupid's bow, and Cupid's dart;
Well, howsoe'er ye act your feigned smart,
Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuse our chastity's best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise
Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise,
Beauty's best guard, that dragon which doth keep
Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise
That Delian wit that otherwise may sleep:
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Of many pitiful not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,

And when the sun brings to the world his light,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love to dim weak reason's beam
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
In hellish agonies a heav'n to dream,
Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love to stain with wanton thought
A spotless chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen bull where he entomb'd did fry;
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes?

V.

And would you then shake off love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound;
And cruel do ye seek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
All that is subject unto nature's reign
In skies above, or on this lower round,
When it its long and far sought end hath found,
Doth in decadence fall, and slack remain:
Behold the moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till she kiss all the sun, then doth decay;
See how the seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away:
So is't with love: unless you love me still,
O do not think I'll yield unto your will.

SONNET BEFORE A POEM OF IRENE.

Mourn not, fair Greece, the ruin of thy kings,
Thy temples raz'd, thy forts with flames devour'd,
Thy champions slain, thy virgins pure deflower'd,
Nor all those griefs which stern Bellona brings:
But mourn, fair Greece, mourn that that sacred band
Which made thee once so famous by their songs,
Forc'd by outrageous Fate, have left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plain thy wrongs;
Mourn that those climates which to thee appear
Beyond both Phœbus and his sister's ways,
To save thy deeds from death must lend thee lays,
And such as from Musæus thou didst hear;
For now Irene hath attain'd such fame,
That Hero's ghost doth weep to hear her name.

TO THE HONOURABLE AUTHOR, SIR JOHN SKENE.

All laws but cobwebs are, but none such right
Had to this title as these laws of ours,
Ere that they were from their Cimmerian bowers
By thy ingenious labours brought to light.
Our statutes senseless statues did remain,
Till thou, a new Prometheus, gave them breath,
Or, like aged Æson's body curb'd to death,
When thou young blood infus'd in every vein.
Thrice happy ghosts! which after-worlds must woo,
That first tam'd barbarism by your swords,

Then knew to keep it fast in nets of words,
Hind'ring what men not suffer would to do;
To Jove the making of the world is due,
But that it turns not chaos, is to you.

SONNET.

I FEAR to me such fortune be assign'd
As was to thee, who did so well deserve,
Brave HALKERSTON, even suffer'd here to starve
Amidst base-minded friends, nor true, nor kind.
Why were the Fates and Furies thus combined,
Such worths for such disasters to reserve?
Yet all those evils never made thee swerve
From what became a well-resolved mind;
For swelling greatness never made thee smile,
Despising greatness in extremes of want;
O happy thrice whom no distress could daunt!
Yet thou exclaimed, O time! O age! O isle!
Where flatterers, fools, bawds, fiddlers, are rewarded,
Whilst virtue starves unpitied, unregarded.

SONNET.

FIRST in the Orient reign'd the Assyrian kings,
To those the sacred Persian prince succeeds;
Then he by whom the world sore wounded bleeds,
Earth's crown to Greece with bloody blade he brings;
Then Greece to Rome the reins of state resigns:
Thus from the mighty monarch of the Medes
To the west world successively proceeds
That great and fatal period of all things;

Whilst wearied now with broils and long alarms,
Earth's majesty her diadem lays down
Before the feet of thy unconquer'd crown,
And throws herself, great monarch, in thy arms.
Here shall she stay, Fates have ordained so,
Nor has she where nor further for to go.

SONNET.

O TIMES ! O heaven, that still in motion art,
And by your course confounds us mortal wights !
O flying days ! O over-gliding nights,
Which pass more nimble than wind or archer's dart !
Now I myself accuse, excuse your part,
For he who fixed your far-off shining lights,
You motion gave, and did to me impart
A mind to mark, and to prevent your slights.
Life's web ye still weave out, still, fool, I stay,
Malgre my just resolves, on mortal things.
Ah ! as the bird surprised in subtle springs,
That beats with wing but cannot fly away,
So struggle I, and fain would change my case,
But this is not of nature, but of grace.

SONNET.

RISE to my soul, bright Sun of Grace, O rise !
Make me the vigour of thy beams to prove ;
Dissolve the chilling frost which on me lies,
That makes me less than lukewarm in thy love :
Grant me a beamling of thy light above,
To know my footsteps in these times, too wise ;

O ! guide my course, and let me no more move
On wings of sense, where wand'ring pleasure flies.
I have gone wrong and erred ; but ah, alas !
What can I else do in this dungeon dark ?
My foes strong are, and I a fragile glass,
Hours charged with cares consume my life's small spark ;
Yet, of thy goodness if I grace obtain,
My life shall be no loss, my death great gain.

SONNET.

All good hath left this age, all tracks of shame ;
Mercy is banished, and pity dead ;
Justice, from whence it came, to heaven is fled ;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name ;
Faith to distrust and malice hath given place ;
Envy with poison'd teeth hath friendship torn ;
Renowned knowledge is a despis'd scorn ;
Now evil 'tis all evil not to embrace :
There is no life, save under servile bands ;
To make desert a vassal to their crimes,
Ambition with Avarice join hands.
O ever-shameful, O most shameless Times !
Save that sun's light we see, of good hear tell,
This earth we court so much were very hell.

SONNET.

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
Is this the justice which on earth we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?

Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune blindly most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue, love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress,
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heavens, hinder, stop this fate, or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

A REPLY.

WHO do in good delight,
That sovereign Justice ever doth reward,
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidst their grief
They find a strong relief,
And death itself can work them no despite.
Again, in evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of mirth are charg'd with sin's annoy,
Which is in conscience scroll'd,
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They punishment find equal to each crime.

MISCELLANIES

FRAGMENT.*

Now Phœbus whipp'd his horse with all his might,
Thinking to take Aurora in her flight;
But she, who hears the trampling of his steeds,
'Gins swiftly gallop through heaven's rosy meads.
The more he runs, the more he comes her near;
The less her speed, she finds the more her fear.
At last his coursers, angry to be torn,
Her took; she with a blush dyed all the morn.
Thetis, aghast to spy her greens made red,
All drowsy rose forth of her coral bed,
Thinking the night's fair queen should thole some harms,
She saw poor Tithon's wife in Phœbus' arms.

FRAGMENT.

It autumn was, and cheerful chanticleer
Had warn'd the world twice that the day drew near;
The three parts of the night almost were spent,
When I, poor wretch, with love and fortune rent,

* This fragment and the three following pieces are juvenile productions of Drummond's.

Began my eyes to close, and sweetest sleep,
Charming my sense, all over me did creep;
But scarce with Lethe drops and rod of gold
Had he me made a piece of breathing mould—

ON A GLASS SENT TO HIS BEST BELOVED.

Oft ye me ask, whom my sweet fair can be?
Look in this crystal and ye shall her see;
At least some shade of her it will impart,
For she no true glass hath except my heart.
Ah! that my breast were made of crystal fair,
That she might see her lively portrait there!

SEXTAIN.

With elegies, sad songs, and mourning lays,
While Craig his Kala would to pity move,
Poor brainsick man! he spends his dearest days;
Such silly rhyme cannot make women love.
Morice, who sight of never saw a book,
With a rude stanza this fair virgin took.

ON THE IMAGE OF LUCRECE.

Wise hand, which wisely wrought
That dying dame, who first did banish kings,
Thy light and shadow brings
In doubt the wond'ring thought,
If it a substance be, or feigned show,
That doth so lively smart.

The colours strove for to have made her live,
Were not thy heart said no,
That fear'd perchance the wound so should her give; *
Yet in the fatal blow
She seems to speak, nay, speaks with Tarquin's heart;
But death her stays, surprising her best part.

NERO'S IMAGE.

A CUNNING hand it was
Of this hard rock did frame
That monster of all ages, mankind's shame,
Fierce Nero, hell's disgrace:
Of wit, sense, pity void,
Did he not, living, marble hard surpass,
His mother, master, country, all destroyed?
Not alt'ring his first case,
A stone he was when set upon a throne,
And now a stone he is, although dethroned down.

AMPHION OF MARBLE.

THIS Amphion, Phidias' frame,
Though senseless it appear,
Doth live, and is the same
Did Thebes' towers uprear;
And if his harp he touch not to your ear,
No wonder, his harmonious sounds alone
Would you amaze, and change himself in stone.

* Give: so in former editions, but perhaps it should be "grieve."

OF A BEE.

INGENIOUS was that bee
In lip that wound which made,
And kind to others, though unkind to thee;
For by a just exchange,
On that most lively red
It gives to those revenge,
Whom that delicious, plump, and rosy part,
All pitiless, perhaps, now wounds the heart.

OF CHLORIS.

FORTH from green Thetis' bowers
The morn arose; her face
A wreath of rays did grace,
Her hair rain'd pearls, her hand and lap dropp'd flowers.
Led by the pleasant sight
Of those so rich and odoriferous showers,
Each shepherd thither came, and nymphes bright:
Entranc'd they stood; I did to Chloris turn,
And saw in her more grace than in the morn.

CHLORIS ENAMOURED.

AMINTAS, now at last
Thou art revenged of all my rigour past;
The scorning of thee, softness of thy heart,
Thy longings, causeful tears,

Do double grief each day to me impart.
I am not what I was,
And in my miseries I thine do glass!
Ah! now in perfect years,
Ere reason could my coming harms descry,
Made love's fond taper-fly,
I burn, methinks, in sweet and fragrant flame;
Ask me no more: tongue, hide thy mistress' shame.

REGRET.

In this world's raging sea,
Where many Scyllas bark,
Where many syrens are,
Save, and not cast away.
He only saves his barge
With too much ware who doth it not o'ercharge;
Or, when huge storms arise,
And waves menace the skies,
Gives what he got with no deploring show,
And doth again in seas his burthen throw.

A SIGH.

Sigh, stolen from her sweet breast,
What doth that marble heart?
Smarts it indeed, and feels not others' smart,
Grieves it, yet thinks that others grieved jest?

Love or despite, which forc'd thee thence to part?
Sweet harbinger, say from what uncouth guest?
Sure thou from Love must come,
Who sigh'd to see there dress'd his marble tomb.

STOLEN PLEASURE.

My sweet did sweetly sleep,
And on her rosy face
Stood tears of pearl, which beauty's self did weep;
I, wond'ring at her grace,
Did all amaz'd remain,
When Love said, "Fool, can looks thy wishes crown?
Time past comes not again."
Then did I me bow down,
And kissing her fair breast, lips, cheeks, and eyes,
Prov'd here on earth the joys of paradise.

OF A KISS.

Lips, double port of love,
Of joy tell all the art,
Tell all the sweetness lies
In earthly paradise,
Sith happy now ye prove
What bliss a kiss
Of sweetest Nais can bring to the heart.
Tell how your former joys
Have been but sad annoys:
This, only this, doth ease a long-felt smart,
This, only this, doth life to love impart.

Endymion, I no more
Envy thy happy state,
Nor his who had the fate
Ravish'd to be and hugged on Ganges' shore:
Envy nor yet do I
Adon, nor Jove's cupbearer in the sky.
Dear crimson folds, more sweetness ye do bear
Than Hybla tops, or gardens of Madere.
Sweet, sweet'ning Midases, your force is such,
That everything turns sweet which ye do touch.

A LOCK OF GOLD DESIRED.

I NEVER long for gold,
But since I did thy dangling hair behold,
Ah! then, then was it first
That I prov'd Midas' thirst;
And what both Ind and rich Pactolus hold
Can not my flames allay,
For only ye, fair tresseress, this may,
Would ye but give a lock to help my want,
Of that which prodigal to winds ye grant.

PERSUASIVE DISSUADING.

SHOW me not locks of gold,
Nor blushing roses of that virgin face,
Nor of thy well-made leg and foot the grace;
Let me no more behold
Soul-charming smiles, nor lightnings of thine eye,
For they, dear life, but serve to make me die.

Yes, show them all, and more; unpin thy breast,
Let me see living snow
Where strawberries do grow;
Show that delicious field
Which lilies still doth yield,
Of Venus' babe the nest:
Smile, blush, sigh, chide, use thousand other charms;
Me kill, so that I fall between thine arms.

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus am I,
The heavens my lady's eye,
From which I, stealing fire,
Find since a vulture on my heart to tire.

NON ULTRA. OF ANTHEA.

When Idmon saw the eyne
Of Anthea his love,
Who yet, said he, such blazing stars hath seen,
Save in the heavens above?
She, thus to hear her praise,
Blush'd, and more fair became.
For nought, said he, thy cheeks that morn do raise,
For my heart cannot burn with greater flame.

AN IMAGE TO THE PILGRIM.

To worship me, why come ye, fools, abroad?
For artisans made me a demigod.

AN ALMANAC.

THIS strange eclipse, one says,
Strange wonders doth foretel:
But you whose wives excel,
And love to count their praise,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The sun did threat the world this time with horns.

A CHAIN OF GOLD.

ARE not those locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes: why is that golden one then worn?
Thus free in chains, perhaps, love's chains to scorn.

A TRANSLATION.

FIERCE robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is sold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And, clad in purple gowns,
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

PROTEUS OF MARBLE.

THIS is no work of stone,
Though it seems breathless, cold, and sense hath none ;
But that false god which keeps
The monstrous people of the raging deeps :
Now that he doth not change his shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind
To make me mine eyes unfold ;
For if thou should'st them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

I RATHER love a youth and childish rhyme,
Than thee whose verse and head are wise through time.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

NEAR to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat oppress'd,
Narcissa fair doth rest :
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth bring,

Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in heaven's highest house when sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

FOR DORUS.

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a child (old men be children twice)
And even a toothless one;
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

LOVE VAGABONDING.

SWEET nymphs, if, as ye stray,
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove,
Who, leaving all the heavens, hath run away;
If ought to him that finds him she'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

PHRÆNE.

Aonian sisters, help my Phræne's praise to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the Graces dwell;
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of snow,
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies;
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes set forth,
That, Muses, ye need not to say ought of their worth.
Then her white swelling paps essay for to make known,
But her white swelling paps through smallest veil are shown;
Yet she hath something else more worthy than the rest,
Not seen; go sing of that which lies beneath her breast,
And mounts like fair Parnass, where Pegas' well doth run:
Here Phræne stay'd my muse, ere she had well begun.

DESIRED DEATH.

Dear life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much,

All panting in my lips
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse :
This death so heavenly well
Doth so me please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

PHŒBE.

If for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe without slander.

ANSWER.

Fool, still to be alone, all night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste without slander.

MADRIGAL.

Look how in May the rose,
At sulphur's azure fumes,
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
So time our best consumes,
Makes youth and beauty pass,
And what was pride turns horror in our glass.

TO A SWALLOW, BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea: there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

VENUS ARMED.

To practice new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton Queen of Love,
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid arms;
Where gazing in a glass
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoff the blue-eyed maid did move;
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Amidst a pleasant green
Which sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree;
And driven by zephyr's breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath,

On whom yet scarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes shed tears.
But ever as she wept, her anthem was,
Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain,
Now dead, this lover must thou kill again?

TO AN OWL.

ASCALAPHUS, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed,
And in moon's liv'ry clad,
So mayst thou scorn the quiristers of day:
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred window of my dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To wake, and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
And when she wakes, doth e'er a stolen sigh creep
Into thy list'ning ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine express,
Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

DAPHNIS.

Now Daphnis' arms did grow
In slender branches, and her braided hair,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leafy twigs was stretched in the air;

The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root,
A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
He who did cause her ill,
Sorewailing stood, and from his blubber'd eyne
Did show'rs of tears upon the rind distil,
Which water'd thus did bud and turn more green.
O deep despair! O heart-appalling grief!
When that doth woe increase should bring relief.

THE BEAR OF LOVE.

In woods and desert bounds
A beast abroad doth roam,
So loving sweetness and the honeycomb,
It doth despise the arms of bees and wounds:
I by like pleasure led
To prove what heavens did place
Of sweet on your fair face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless, bear of love, of hellish smart,
And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

ALL CHANGETH.

The angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep,
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay: *

* So in all editions. Perhaps we should read, "when cometh May."

Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs,
And love hath sweets when gone are all the sours.
This said a shepherd, closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

THE greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breathe, or, breathing once,
A suckling end his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

SWEET wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper fly, still circling, and still turn
About that flame that all so much admire;
That heavenly fair which doth out-blush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire,
Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire.
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The pure intelligence that moves that sphere,
Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I.

THE doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised to the highest joy in love,
As in this slippery state more grief I find,
Than they who never such a bliss did prove,
But fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

II.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, so possess'd, at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

III.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent,
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too pronely bent:
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

E. P.

A REPLY.

I.

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to hold so good a place :
To chilling fears how can he be set forth,
Whose fears condemn his own, doubts others' worth ?

II.

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrors, meets,
They rise who fear of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty, satiate with sweets,
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd ?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

III.

It is no hill but heaven where you remain,
And whom desert advanced hath so high,
To reach the guerdon of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die :
His hopes are crown'd ; what years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy death ?

W. D.

MADRIGAL.

Trees happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains,
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains ;
There make her know mine endless love and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help'd you to rise so tall :
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death.

TO SLEEP.

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her, dear her, so far who 's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ay me, before half day
Why didst thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

MADRIGAL.

Hard laws of mortal life !
To which made thralls, we come without consent,
Like tapers lighted to be early spent ;
Our griefs are always rife,

When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly
Like shadows in the eye:
The shadow doth not yield unto the sun,
But joys and life do waste even when begun.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

WHAT course of life should wretched mortals take?
In books hard questions large contention make;
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield;
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest,
If rich, thou art in fear, if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell,
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

EDINBURGH.

[Translated from the Latin of Dr. ARTHUR JOHNSTON.]

INSTALL'D on hills, her head near starry bowers,
Shines Edinburgh, proud of protecting powers.
Justice defends her heart; Religion east
With temples, Mars with towers doth guard the west;

Fresh nymphs and Ceres serving, wait upon her,
And Thetis, tributary, doth her honour.
The sea doth Venice shake, Rome Tiber beats,
While she but scorns her vassal water's threats.
For sceptres no where stands a town more fit,
Nor place where town, world's queen, may fairer sit.
But this thy praise is, above all, most brave,
No man did e'er defame thee but a slave.

A SPEECH AT THE KING'S ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF LINLITHGOW.

Pronounced by Mr. JAMES WISEMAN, Schoolmaster there, enclosed in a plaster made in the figure of a Lion.

THRICE royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech;
A miracle; for since the days of Æsop,
No lion till these times his voice dar'd raise up
To such a majesty. Then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den;
Who, tho' he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free was Lithgow's wise schoolmaster.

A COUNTRY MAID.

A COUNTRY maid Amazon-like did ride,
To sit more sure, with leg on either side;
Her mother, who her spied, said, that ere long
She should just penance suffer for that wrong;

For when time should on her more years bestow,
That horse's hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come, as was her told,
When she found all to frizzle there with gold,
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her sick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almost a week.
At last her mother calls, who scarce for laughter
Could hear the pleasant story of her daughter;
But that this frenzy should no more her vex,
She swore thus bearded were their weaker sex;
Which when denied, "Think not," said she, "I scorn,
Behold the place, poor fool, where thou was born."
The girl, that seeing, cried, now void of pain,
"Ah! mother, you have ridden on the mane."

THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.

Flora upon a time
Naked Alcides' statue did behold,
And with delight admir'd each amorous limb:
Only one fault she said could be of 't told;
For by right symmetry
The craftsman had him wrong'd,
To such tall joints a taller club belong'd.
The club hung by his thigh:
To which the statuary did reply,
"Fair nymph, in ancient days your —— by far,
Were not so hugely vast as now they are."

PHYLLIS, ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

Ah! if ye ask, my friends, why this salt shower
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour,
Gone is my sparrow; he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a cat is slain.
No more with trembling wings shall he attend
His watchful mistress: would my life could end!
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty lays;
Have I not cause to loath my tedious days?
A Dædalus he was to catch a fly,
Nor wrath nor rancour men in him could spy;
To touch or wrong his tail if any dar'd,
He pinch'd their fingers, and against them warr'd:
Then might that crest be seen shake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown;
Like Hector's, Troy's strong bulwark, when in ire
He rag'd to set the Grecian fleet on fire.
But, ah, alas! a cat this prey espies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treason,
Or otherways had of that fiend had reason.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris slain,
And stout Camilla fell by Aruns vain:
So that false horse, which Pallas rais'd 'gainst Troy,
King Priam and that city did destroy.
Thou now, whose heart is big with this frail glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's story.
If any knowledge resteth after death
In ghosts of birds, when they have left to breathe,

My darling's ghost shall know in lower place,
The vengeance falling on the cattish race.
For never cat nor catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in Pluto's palace blind.
Ye who with gaudy wings and bodies light
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight,
To my sad tears comply these notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'st of flowers;
Let him accept from us, as most divine,
Sabæan incense, milk, food, sweetest wine;
And on a stone let us these words engrave:
"Pilgrim, the body of a sparrow brave
In a fierce gluttonous cat's womb clos'd remains,
Whose ghost now graceth the Elysian plains."

A PASTORAL SONG.—PHYLLIS AND DAMON.

Ph. Shepherd, dost thou love me well?
Da. Better than weak words can tell.
Ph. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Da. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.
Ph. O how strange these words I find!
Yet, to satisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love for thee,
Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Da. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.
Ph. Better answer had it been
To say thou lov'd me as thine eyne.
Da. Woe is me, these I love not,
For by them love entrance got,

At that time they did behold
Thy sweet face and locks of gold.
Ph. Like to what, dear shepherd, say?
Da. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.
Ph. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life?
Da. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is reft, and I'm but a dead corse.
Ph. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Da. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.
Ph. Leave, I pray, this like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.
Da. Alas! I do not love myself,
For I 'm split on beauty's shelf.
Ph. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Da. Like to thee, fair, cruel may.

DIVINE POEMS.

PETER, AFTER THE DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

LIKE to the solitary pelican,
The shady groves I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst woods' burgesses, from sight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.

But that remorse which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild,
But rents my soul, and like a famish'd child
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of sun, of moon, of stars, I shun the light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to heaven's lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied him who made them shine?

ON THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE woful Mary, midst a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death suffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand,
Which sees her younglings reft before her eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them save her cries.
Love thither had her brought, and misbelief
Of these sad news, which charg'd her mind to fears,
But now her eyes more wretched, then her tears,
Bear witness, ah! too true, of feared grief:
Her doubts made certain, did her hopes destroy,
Abandoning her soul to black annoy.
Long fixing downcast eyes on earth, at last
She longing did them raise, O torturing sight!
To view what they did shun, their sole delight,
Imbru'd in his own blood, and naked plac'd
To sinful eyes, naked save that black veil
Which heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.

It was not pity, pain, grief, did possess
The mother, but an agony more strange;
Cheek's roses in pale lilies straight did change,
Her sp'rits, as if she bled his blood, turn'd less:
When she saw him, woe did all words deny,
And grief her only suffer'd sigh, "O my,
O my dear Lord and Son!" Then she began:
"Immortal birth! tho' of a mortal born,
Eternal bounty which doth heaven adorn,
Without a mother, God; a father, man:
Ah! what hast thou deserv'd, what hast thou done,
Thus to be treat? Woe 's me, my son, my son!
Who bruis'd thy face, the glory of this All,
Who eyes engor'd, loadstars to Paradise,
Who, as thou were a trimmed sacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who rais'd thee, whom so oft the angels serv'd,
Between those thieves who that foul death deserv'd?
Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb,
Mine arms a cradle serv'd thee to repose,
My milk thee fed, as morning-dew the rose?
Did I thee keep till this sad time should come,
That wretched men should nail thee to a tree,
And I a witness of thy pangs must be?
It is not long, the ways bestrew'd with flowers,
With shouts to echoing heavens and mountains roll'd,
Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach proud Sion's towers:
Lo! what a change! who did thee then embrace,
Now at thee shake their heads, inconstant race!

Eternal Father! from whose piercing eye
Hid nought is found, that in this All is form'd,
Deign to vouchsafe a look unto this round,
This round, the stage of a sad tragedy:
  Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canst know,
  On an unhappy tree a shameful show.
Ah! look if this be he, almighty King,
Before heavens spangled were with stars of gold,
Ere world a centre had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didst bring.
  With virtue, form, and light, who did adorn
  Sky's radiant globes, see where he hangs a scorn.
Did all my prayers tend to this? Is this
The promise that celestial herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he said,
I happy was, and from thee did me bless?
  How am I blest? No, most unhappy I
  Of all the mothers underneath the sky.
How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that blest Hebrew, whose dear eyes in peace
Mild death did close, ere they saw this disgrace,
When he forespake with more than angel's voice,
  The son should, malice' sign, be set apart,
  Then that a sword should pierce the mother's heart!
But whither dost thou go, life of my soul?
O stay a little till I die with thee;
And do I live thee languishing to see,
And cannot grief frail laws of life control?
  If grief prove weak, come, cruel squadrons, kill
  The mother, spare the son, he knows no ill;

He knows no ill; those pangs, base men, are due
To me and all the world, save him alone;
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;
Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew;
  Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
  Dim turn those eyes once wont so bright to shine.
The heavens, which in their mansions constant move,
That they may not seem guilty of this crime,
Benighted have the golden eye of time:
Ungrateful earth, canst thou such shame approve,
  And seem unmov'd, this done upon thy face?"
  Earth trembled then, and she did hold her peace.

A TRANSLATION.

I.

Ah! silly soul, what wilt thou say,
When he whom earth and heavens obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day;

II.

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou would'st not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace?

III.

That day of terror, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

IV.

With wat'ry eyes, and sigh-swoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilst conscience with remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame,
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

VI.

O with what grief shall earthlings groan,
When that great Judge, set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one!

VII.

Shrill-sounding trumpets through the air
Shall, from dark sepulchres, each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain,
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their Judge maintain.

IX.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry,
For which the guilty world must die.

X.

The Judge enthron'd, whom bribes not gain,
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

XI.

O who then pity shall poor me,
Or who mine advocate shall be,
When scarce the justest pass shall free?

XII.

All wholly holy dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring.

XIII.

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

XIV.

In search of me, thou full of pain
Did'st sweat blood, death on cross sustain;
Let not these suff'rings be in vain.

XV.

Thou supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorse, lo ! here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on ;
Ah ! spare me prostrate at thy throne ;

XVII.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend'st the thief on cross thine ear,
Showest me fair hopes, I should not fear.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are, and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from hell's burning lake.

XIX.

On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequestered from the goatish band.

XX.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
O to thy chosen, Lord, me call !

XXI.

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity.

EPITAPHS

[ON THE EARL OF LINLITHGOW.]

When death to deck his trophies stopp'd thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of these parts,
All with moist eyes might say, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vassall'd were to death.

What good, in parts on many shar'd, we see
From nature, gracious heaven, or fortune flow,
To make a master-piece of worth below,
Heaven, nature, fortune, gave in gross to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich, in valour, wit,
In courtesy, born of an ancient race,
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace,
Match'd great, with offspring for great actions fit;

No rust of times nor change thy virtue wan
With times to change, when truth, faith, love decay'd
In this new age; like fate, thou fixed stay'd,
Of the first world an all-substantial man.

As erst this kingdom given was to thy sire,
The prince his daughter trusted to thy care,
And well the credit of a gem so rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth, that now appears,
By others set, as diamonds among pearls;
A queen's dear foster, father to three earls,
Enough on earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea-voyage is, death is the haven,
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which thousands seeking, have on rocks been driven,
That good adorns thy grave, which with thee liv'd:
For a frail life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

[ON LADY JANE MAITLAND.]

LIKE to the garden's eye, the flower of flow'rs
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the sight,
Or as among the lesser gems of night,
The usher of the planet of the hours,
Sweet maid, thou shined'st on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the height:
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward powers,
A sapphire lanthorn, and an incense light.
Hence, the enamour'd heaven, as too too good
On earth's all-thorny soil long to abide,
Transplanted to their fields so rare a bud,
Where from thy sun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer space.

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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MUCH LOVING AND BELOVED MASTER, MR. JOHN RAY.

No wonder now, if mists becloud our day,
Sith late our earth lacks her celestial Ray;
And Phœbus mourns his priest, and all his quire,
In sables wrapp'd, weep out their sacred fire;
Farewell, of Latin Muses greatest praise,
Whether thou read grave proses, or did raise
Delight and wonder by a numbrous strain;
Farewell, Quintilian once more dead again;
With ancient Plautus, Martial combined,
Maro and Tully, here in one enshrined.
Bright Ray of learning, which so clear didst stream,
Farewell, soul which so many souls did frame!
Many Olympiads about shall come,
Ere earth like thee another can entomb.

[TO THE MEMORY OF THE EXCELLENT LADY ISABEL, COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE.]

Fond wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
And worlds of pleasures, honours dost devise,
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
Nor glorious, by this monument turn wise.

One it enshrineth, sprung of ancient stem,
And, if that blood nobility can make,
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem.

A beauty here it holds by full assurance,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd,
Ah! too too like to morn and rose at last.

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend, to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given,
For virtue meteor turn'd when she a star.

Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By Muses nine, and Graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.
Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo, how much worth a little dust doth bound!

D.O.M.S.

WHAT was mortal of THOMAS DALYELL of Binns lieth here. He was descended of the ancient race of the Ls. of Dalyell, now deservedly advanced to be Earls of Carnwath. His integrity and worth made him an unremoved Justice of Peace, and . . . . . years Sheriff in the county of Linlithgow. He left, successors of his virtues and fortunes, a son renowned by the wars, and a daughter married to William Drummond of Riccarton. After 69 years' pilgrimage here on earth, he was removed to the repose of heaven, the 10 of February 1642.

JUSTICE, truth, peace, and hospitality,
Friendship, and love, being resolved to die

In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
With just, true, pious, kind DALYELL their grave;
He them cherish'd so long, so much did grace,
That they than this would choose no dearer place.
T. Filius manibus charissimi patris parentavit.

UPON JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE HIS DEATH.

I.

OF those rare worthies who adorn'd our north,
And shin'd like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland, charg'd with worth,
Second in virtue's theatre to none;
But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd,
Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes;
The young men destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,
Strange laws the aged and prudent to appal,
And fore'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear,
And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room,
Disdaining life thou shrink'st into thy tomb.

II.

When misdevotion everywhere shall take place,
And lofty orators in thund'ring terms
Shall move you, people, to arise in arms,
And church's hallow'd policy deface;

When you shall but one general sepulchre,
As Averroes did one general soul,
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors' rites control;
Ah! spare this monument; great guests it keeps,
Three grave justiciars, whom true worth did raise,
The Muses' darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps,
Best men's delight, the glory of their days.
More we would say, but fear, and stand in awe,
To turn idolators and break your law.

III.

Do not repine, blest soul, that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse;
No high-strain'd Muse our times and sorrows fits,
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.
The wisest Prince e'er manag'd Britain's state,
Did not disdain in numbers clear and brave
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch,* brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee, the cause is now this land hath none:
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

* Touch: touchstone, basanite.

[EPITAPH.]

To the Memory of the virtuous Gentlewoman RACHEL LINDSAY, Daughter of Sir Jerome Lindsay, Principal King of Arms, and wife to Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard Lindsay, who died the . . day of May, the year 1645, after she had lived . . . . years.

THE daughter of a king, of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief,
Loadstar of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends' and husband's only joy, now grief,
Enclosed lies within this narrow grave,
Whose paragon no times, no climates have.
Maritus mœrens posuit.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE WORTHY LADY, THE LADY OF CRAIGMILLAR.

THIS marble needs no tears; let them be pour'd
For such whom earth's dull bowels have embower'd
In childhead or in youth, and left to live
By some sad chance fierce planets did contrive.
Eight lustres, twice full reckoned, did make thee
All this life's happiness to know; and we
Who saw thee in thy winter (as men flowers
Shrunk in their stems, or Ilium's fair towers,
Hid in their rubbish), could not but admire,
The casket spoiled, the jewel so entire;

For neither judgment, memory, nor sense
In thee was blasted, till all fled from hence
To thy great Maker; earth unto earth must,
Man in his best estate is but best dust.
Now, even though buried, yet thou canst not die,
But happy liv'st in thy fair progeny
To outdate time, and never pass away.
Till angels raise thee from thy bed of clay,
And bless'd again with these here lov'd thou meet,
Rest in Fame's temple and this winding-sheet:
Content thou liv'd here, happy though not great,
And diëd with the kingdom and the state.

D.O.M.S.

WHAT was mortal of W. RAMSAY lieth here. He was the son of John Ramsay, L. of Edington, brother to the Right Honourable William the first Earl of Dalhousie, a lineage of all virtues in peace, and valour in war, renowned by all times, and second to none; a youth ingenuous, of fair hopes, a mild sweet disposition, pleasant aspect, countenance; his kindred's delight and joy, now their greatest displeasure and sorrow; having left this transitory stage of cares, when he but scarce appeared upon it, in his tender nonage.

So falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
At half that doth her bashful bosom close;
So a sweet flourish languishing decays,
That late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.

Though untimely cropp'd, leave to bemoan his fate,
He diëd with our monarchy and state.

His mother $\frac{\text{from}}{\text{out of}}$ that care and love she carried to him, to continue here his memory some space, raised this monument anno 1649, mense . . .

Immortale decus superis.

TO THE MEMORY OF ——

As nought for splendour can with sun compare,
For beauty, sweetness, modesty, ingyne,
So she alone unparagon'd did shine,
And angels did with her in graces share.

Though few here were her days, a span her life,
Yet hath she long time lived, performing all
Those actions which the oldest do befall—
Pure, fruitful, modest, virgin, mother, wife.

For this perhaps the fates her days did close,
Her deeming old; perfection doth not last,
When coarser things scarce course of time can waste;
Years lives the worthless bramble, few days the rose.

Unhappy autumn, spoiler of the flowers,
Disheveler of meads and fragrant plains,
Now shall those moneths which thy date contains,
No more from heavens' be nam'd, but eyes' salt showers.

[EPITAPH.]

FAR from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music, care's relief;
Tears, sighs, plaints, horrors, frightments, sad annoys
Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

Here, nightingales and turtles, vent your moans;
Amphrysian shepherd, here come feed thy flocks,
And read thy Hyacinth amidst our groans;
Plain, Echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.

Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade,
The fairest flow'r of all our anadems
Death cropped hath, the Lesbia chaste is dead.
Thus sighed the Tyne, then shrunk beneath his urn,
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND, BURIED AT AITHEN.

AITHEN, thy pearly coronet let fall;
Clad in sad robes, upon thy temples set
The weeping cypress, or the sable jet:
Mourn this thy nursling's loss, a loss which all
Apollo's quire bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find shepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Than all those gems thy rocks and streams send forth?
His splendour others' glow-worm light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildness thy half-barbarous swains,
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallel'd in friendship, world's delight,
For hospitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd, a patron and a pattern fair
Of piety, the Muses' chief repair.

Most debonair, in courtesy supreme,
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great,
Ne'er dash'd by fortune, nor cast down by fate,
To present and to after times a theme.

Aithen, thy tears pour on this silent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaster cave,
And Niobe's imagery become;
And when thou hast distilled here a tomb,
Enchase in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
Aithen's best gem and honour shrin'd lies here.

[EPITAPH.]

VERSES frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame,
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,

Which envy, avarice, time ere long confound,
Or mis-devotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair virtues' temple; they did dwell
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The graces' darling, and the maids' of Jove;
Courted by fame for bounties which the heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in parcels given
To many, such we happy sure might call:
How happy then wast thou who enjoy'dst them all!
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now, sequester'd, cannot be but blest,
Inrob'd in glory, midst those hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies,
Bright saints and angels; there from cares made free,
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee;
Thou smil'st at earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars:
Like honey-flies, whose rage whole swarms consumes,
Till dust thrown on them makes them vail their plumes.
Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues, but dull grief thy praise
Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain:
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewells and tears.

AN EPITAPH OF ONE NAMED MARGARET.

In shells and gold, pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both send forth;
Who, had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten,
And forc'd those happy times her days that claim'd,
From her to be the age of pearl still nam'd.
She was the richest jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
All goodness, virtue, bounty, and could cheer
The saddest minds. Now Nature, knowing here
How things but shown, then hidden, are lov'd best,
This Margaret shrin'd in this marble chest.

THREE EPITAPHS.

I.

Though marble, porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much;
For beauty last, and * * * this stone doth close,
Once earth's delight, heaven's care, a purest Rose.
And, reader, shouldst thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear,
Sad violets and hyacinths, which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

II.

RELENTING eye, which deignest to this stone
To lend a look, behold, here be laid one,
The living and the dead interr'd, for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and, she fled
From earth, her * * * choos'd this place of grief
To bound * * * thoughts, a small and sad relief.*
His is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame, a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

III.

INSTEAD of epitaphs and airy praise,
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet sound:
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

EPITAPH.

IF monuments were lasting, we would raise
A fairer frame to thy deserts and praise;
But avarice, or misdevotion's rage,
These tumbling down, or brought to nought by age,
Twice making man to die, this marble bears
An emblem of affection and our tears.

* The words omitted seem to be "husband" and "his."

[EPITAPH.]

FAME, register of time,
Write in thy scroll, that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime,
And ripe in worth, tho' green in years, did die.

[EPITAPH.]

WITHIN the closure of this narrow grave
Lie all those graces a good wife could have;
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

EPITAPH.

THE bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than is north from south,
That cormorant, who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to hell, and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove an honest devil.

EPITAPH OF A JUDGE.

PEACE, passenger, here sleepeth under ground
A judge in ending causes most profound;
Though not long since he was laid in this place,
It 's lustres ten since he corrupted was.

[ON RIXUS.]

HERE Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who plains he came to hell without a cause.

EPITAPH.

SANQUHAR, whom this earth scarce could contain,
Having seen Italy, France, and Spain,
To finish his travels, a spectacle rare,
Was bound towards heaven, but died in the air.

ON A DRUNKARD.

NOR amaranths, nor roses do bequeath
Unto this hearse, but tamarisks and wine,
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

EPITAPH.

HERE S—— lies, most bitter gall,
Who whilst he lived spoke evil of all,
Only of God the arrant sot
Naught said, but that he knew him not.

ON POMPONATIUS.

TREAD softly, passenger, upon this stone,
For here enclosed stays,
Debarred of mercy's rays,
A soul, whose body swore it had not one.

[EPITAPH.]

HERE covered lies with earth, without a tomb,
Whose only praise is, that he died at Rome.

SATIRES AND EPIGRAMS

THE FIVE SENSES.

SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him, Phœbus like, his throne
Resign to some young Phaëthon,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky
Beholding earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err,
The proud usurping charioteer,
And cure, tho' Phœbus grieve, our woe:
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou hast a being,
Bless my sov'reign and his seeing.

HEARING.

From jests profane, and flattering tongues,
From bawdy tales, and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;

From Spanish treaties that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from heaven's paradise;
From prophets, such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear,
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing;
Bless my sov'reign and his hearing.

TASTING.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat, and toil,
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled,
From their estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candied poison'd baits
Of Jesuits and their deceits,
Italian salads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain,
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets and all feasting,
Bless my sov'reign and his tasting.

FEELING.

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heaven bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;

From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand whose moist palm may
My sov'reign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sov'reign and his feeling.

SMELLING.

WHERE myrrh and frankincense is thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my sov'reign never dwell,
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for hell.
Let not such scent his nostrils stain,
From smells that poison can the brain,
Heavens still preserve him. Next I crave
Thou wilt be pleased, great God, to save
My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath hath power to lead
His excellence which way it list;
O let such lips be never kiss'd;
From a breath so far excelling
Bless my sov'reign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

And now, just God, I humbly pray
That thou wilt take the slime away,
That keeps my sov'reign's eyes from seeing
The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

Then let him hear, good God, the sounds
As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

Give him a taste, and truly too,
Of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

Give him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal nose
Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
Whose black deeds have eclips'd his worth ;
They found and scourg'd for their offences,
Heavens bless my sov'reign and his senses !

THE CHARACTER OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

WOULD you know these royal knaves
Of freemen would turn us slaves ;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name ?
Read these verses, and ye will spring them,
Then on gibbets straight cause hing them.
They complain of sin and folly,
In these times, so passing holy,
They their substance will not give,
Libertines that we may live ;
Hold those subjects too too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.
Neglect they do our circular tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables,
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four sermons pleas'd are weekly,
Swear King Charles is neither Papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or Atheist ;
But that in his chamber-prayers,
Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death,
Persuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.
They avouch we'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we serve for one,

That each shire but blood affords
To serve the ambition of young lords,
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the state had not been troubled.
Slow they are our oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear;
They do concord love and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proselytes by the word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword.
They swear that for religion's sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack;
That the beginning of these pleas
Sprang from the ill-sped A B C's;
For servants that it is not well
Against their masters to rebel;
That that devotion is but slight
Doth force men first to swear, then fight;
That our Confession is indeed
Not the apostolic creed,
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscrive;
That moneys should men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miscarry,
Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away,
And as times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the purse;
That debts are paid with bold stern looks,
That merchants pray on their compt-books;
That Justice, dumb and sullen, frowns

To see in croslets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim;
That since leagues we began to swear,
Vices did ne'er so black appear;
Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion so contemn'd was never,
Whilst all are raging in a fever.
They tell by devils and some sad chance
That that detestable league of France,
Which cost so many thousand lives,
And two kings by religious knives,
Is amongst us, though few descry;
Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.
He who says that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales outsing;
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow;
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep;
That all's not gold doth gold appear,
Believe him not altho' he swear.
To such syrens stop your ear,
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Just fools they may make of you;
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king,
Lords lose should sovereignty,
Soldiers haste back to Germany,
Justice should in our towns remain,
Poor men possess their own again,
Brought out of hell that word of plunder
More terrible than devil or thunder,
Should with the Covenant fly away,
And charity amongst us stay,
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True religion 'mongst us flourish?
When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows;
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest if they have gold.
Who wise or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by protestation.

WIL. DRUMMOND'S LINES ON THE BISHOPS: XIV. APRIL MDCXXXVIII.

[From a Manuscript in the Advocates' Library, in the handwriting of Sir JAMES BALFOUR.]

Do all pens slumber still, dare not one try
In tumbling lines to let some pasquil fly?
Each hour a satire craveth to display
The secrets of this tragic-comic play.

If Love should let me write, I think you 'd see
The Pyrenees and Alps come skip to me,
And laugh themselves asunder; if I 'd trace
The hurly-burly of state business,
And to the world abused once but tell
The legend of Ignatian Machiavel,
That old bold smoking monster, and the pride
Of these usurping prelates that dare ride
Upon authority, and look so gay
As if, good men, they ought forsooth to sway
Church, state, and all. Plague on that damned crew
Of such hell's black-mouth'd hounds; it 's of a new
That Roman panders boldly dar'd to woo,
Nay, strain a gentle King these things to do,
That move the French, Italian, and Spain,
In a luxurious and insulting strain
To sing *Te Deum*, 'cause they hope to see
The glory of the popish prelacy
Raised above his royal throne apace,
To drown his minor light with prouder face.
These hounds they have engaged him on the stage
Of sharp-eyed Europe, nay, there's not a page
But thinks he may laugh freely when he sees
Kings buffoons act, and bishops tragedies.
Should any dally with the lion's paw?
Then know a distance, serpents, stand in awe.
Nay, pray you heavens, once lend me but your thunder,
I'll crush and tear these sordid slaves asunder,
And level with the dust their altar's horn,
With the lascivious organs, pity's scorn;

Or let me be as king, then of their skin
I'll cause dress leather and fine maroquin,
To cover coaches, where they wont to ride,
And walk in boots and shoes made of their hide ;
Whip them at neighbour princes' courts to show
That no novations Scots zeal can allow.
I sacrifice would such presumptuous slaves
To my dear people, beat to dust the knaves,
Then of the powder of their bones to dray
The hair and periwig to the pope's lackey.
I nobly should resent and take to heart
These pedants' pride that make poor Britain smart,
Confound the church, the state, and all the nation
With apish fooleries and abomination ;
Leave churches desolate, and stop the mouth
Of faithful watchmen who dare preach but truth ;
Incendiary firebrands, whose proud words
Drop blood, and sound the clatt'ring noise of swords.
Had I but half the spite of Galloway Tom,
That Roman snaky viper, I 'd fall from
Discreeter lines, and rub their itching ear
With Spanish novels : but I will forbear.
Because my foster and my amorous quill
Is not yet hard, proud pasquils to distil,
I do entreat that droll John de Koell
To sting them with satires hatch'd in hell ;
Each dog chide these tobacco-breath'd divines,
Each pen dart volumes of acutest lines,
And print the shame of that black troop profane
In livid words, with a Tartarian strain.

Since I a lover am, and know not how
To limn a satyr in half hideous hue,
Like to polypragmatic Machiavel,
In pleasant flame, not strife, I love to dwell.
But now to Paris back I go to tell
Some news to plotting Richelieu : fare you well.

[AN APOLOGY.]

Momus, with venom'd tooth, why would'st thou tear
Our Muses, and turn Moors those virgins fair?
Nor citizen, nor manners do they brand,
Nor of the town ought, save where it doth stand.
I curs'd, I do confess, some nasty mire,
And lake, deem'd poison by all Pæan's quire :
Indwellers safe, I heartily wish'd the town
Turned in one rock, and still wish 't o'erthrown.
Elsewhere a nobler town might raised be,
For sky, air, sweeter, and in bounds more free ;
Yet there to dwell no shame is, nor be born ;
Pearls dwell in oysters, roses grow on thorn.
His Rome when Cæsar purpos'd to make new,
Himself straight firebrands on their rafters threw.
If in these wishes ought deserveth blame,
A Caledonian king first wish'd the same.
My Muse, perhaps, too bold is, but far far
From tartness breast, from gall her papers are.

ENCOMIASTIC VERSES BEFORE A BOOK ENTITLED —— *

At ease I read your work, and am right sorry
It came not forth before *Encomium Moriæ*,
Or in the days when good King James the First
Caroused the horse's spring to quench his thirst;
I durst have given my thumb and laid a wager,
Thy name had grac'd the Chronicles of John Major.
Had thou liv'd in the days of great Augustus
(Hence, vulgar dotards, hence, unless ye trust us),
Thy works, with geese, had kept the Capitol,
And thou for ever been a happy soul;
Thy statue had been raised near Claudianus,
And thou in court liv'd equal with Sejanus.
Cornelius Tacitus is no such poet,
Nor Livy; I'll say more ere that I go yet:
Let all that here do wear celestial bonnets, †
Like thine, they cannot write four-squared sonnets,
Which shine like to that mummy brought from Venice,
Or like the French king's relics at Saint Denis.
It is a matter of regret and pity
Thou art not read into that famous city
Of Constantine, for then the Turks and Tartars
Had drunk with us, and like to ours worn garters;

* The word is partially erased in the manuscript, but seems as if it had been *Follies*.—Note from *Arch. Scot.*

† Perhaps we should read, "Let all hear that do wear," &c.

And the strange Muftis and hard Mamelukes
Had cut their beards, and got by heart thy books.
If any them detract, though he were Xenophon,
Thou shalt have such revenge as e'er was ta'en of one,
From this our coast unto the wall of China,
Where maids wear narrow shoes; thou hast been a
Man for envy, though such forsooth was Horace,
Yet thou no less dost write than he, and soar as
Far in this our tongue as any Latins,
Though some do read their verse that wear fine satins;
Rome's latest wonder, great Torquato Tasso,
Writing, to thee were a pecorious ass, ho!
Now to conclude, the nine Castalian lasses
Their maidenheads thee sell for fans and glasses.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

OF THE ISLE OF RHE.

CHARLES, would ye quail your foes, have better luck,
Send forth some drakes, and keep at home the duck.

II.

A PROVERB.

GOD never had a church but there, men say,
The devil a chapel hath rais'd by some wiles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Giles.

III.

RAMS aye run backward when they would advance;
Who knows if Ramsay may find such a chance,
By playing the stiff Puritan, to wear
A bishop's rochet yet another year.

IV.

FLYTING * no reason hath, for at this time,
It doth not stand with reason, but in rhyme.
That none save thus should flyte, had we a law,
What rest had we! how would wives stand in awe,
And learn the art of rhyming! Then how well
Would this and all good flyting pamphlets sell!

V.

THE king gives yearly to his senate gold,
Who can deny but justice then is sold?

VI.

THE Scottish kirk the English church do name,
The English church the Scots a kirk do call;
Kirk, and not church, church, and not kirk, O shame!
Your *kappa* turn in *chi*, or perish all;
Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court;
If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers' sport.

* Flyting: scolding.

VII.

THE king a negative voice most justly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

VIII.

THE CREED.

Q. How is the Creed now stolen from us away?
A. The Ten Commandments gone, it would not stay.
Q. Then have we no Commandments? O wonder!
A. Yes, we have one for all—Go fight and plunder.

IX.

BISHOPS are like the turners, most men say;
Though now cried down, they'll up some other day.

X.

AGAINST the king, sir, now why would ye fight?
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst King Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons, to tumult thus why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to heaven.

Are these just cause of war, good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.
Give me a thousand cov'nants, I'll subscrive
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treason bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiss'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence
For more years standing for a * * * prince.
His castles all are taken, and his crown,
His sword and sceptre, ensigns of renown,
With that lieutenant fame did so extol,
And captives carried to the Capitol;
I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing,
'Tis enough to be confessor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honest men?
I've written rebels, pox upon the pen!

XI.

THE king good subjects cannot save: then tell
Which is the best—to obey or to rebel?

XII.

HAPPY to be, truly is in some school-
Master's book, be either king or fool.
How happy then are they, if such men be,
Whom both great fools and kings the world doth see!

XIII.

When Charles was young, to walk straight and upright,
In boots of lead thrall'd were his legs, though rocks;
Now old, not walking even unto their sight,
His country lords have put him in their stocks.

XIV.

Of all these forces raised against the king
'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring:
From diverse parishes yet diverse men;
But all in halves and quarters. Great king, then,
In halves and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
In halves and quarters send them back to me.

XV.

Bold Scots, at Bannockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to such a non-plus bring,
To authorise rebellion by an act?
Well, what ye crave, who knows but granted may be?
But if he do 't, cause swaddle him for a baby.

XVI.

A REPLY.

SWADDL'D is the baby, and almost two years,
His swaddling time, did neither cry nor stir,
But star'd, smil'd, did lie still, void of all fears,
And sleep'd, tho' barked at by every cur;
Yea, had not wak'd, if Lesley, that hoarse nurse,
Had not him hardly rock'd; old wives him curse!

XVII.

GREAT lies they tell, preach our church cannot err,
Less lies, who say the king 's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may shed others' blood,
Less lies, who swear dumb bishops are not good;
Great lies they vent, say we for God do fight,
Less lies who guess the king does nothing right;
Great lies and less lies all our aims descry:
To pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

XVIII.

ZANZUMMINES to obey the king do swear,
And yet against King Charles in arms appear.
What king do ye obey, Zanzummines, tell,
The King of Beane, or the black prince [of hell?]

XIX.

When discord in a town the tocsin rings,
Then all the rascals turn unto us kings.

XX.

A PROVERB.

To sing as was of old, is but a scorn,
The king's chaff is better than others' corn;
Kelso can tell his chaff away did fly,
Yet had no wind: *Benedicite!*
The corn unmowed on Dunse-Law strong did shine,
Lesley, could thou have shorn, it might been thine.

XXI.

The king nor band, nor host had him to follow
Of all his subjects; they were given to thee,
Lesley. Who is the greatest? By Apollo,
The emperor thou, some palsgrave scarce seems he.
Could'st thou pull lords as we do bishops down,
Small distance were between thee and a crown.

XXII.

In parliament one voted for the king,
The crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His voice again being heard, was no such thing,
For that which was mistaken was a fart.

XXIII.

THE parliament lords have sitten twice five weeks,
Yet will not leave their stools, knit up their breeks;
Winter is come, dysenteries prevail:
Rise, fools, and with this paper wipe your tail.

XXIV.

THE parliament the first of June will sit,
Some say, but is the year of God to it?
Forty: no, rather make it forty-one,
And one to forty, but ye then have none.

XXV.

BEHOLD, O Scots! the reveries of your king;
Those he makes lords who should on gibbets hing.

XXVI.

WHEN lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell;
To whom a devil, "This is the lower house."

XXVII.

GOD'S judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The sins which them procur'd men do confess.
Our cries are Baal's priests', our fasting vain,
Our pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again:
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion, be confess'd,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of pest.

XXVIII.

ON MARY KING'S PEST.

TURN, citizens, to God ; repent, repent,
And pray your bedlam frenzies may relent :
Think not rebellion a trifling thing,
This plague doth fight for Mary and the King.

XXIX.

ST. ANDREW, why does thou give up thy schools,
And bedlam turn, and parliament house of fools?

Par.

Old dotard Pasquil, thou mistaketh it,
Montrose confined us here to learn some wit.

XXX.

THE Kirrimorians and Forfarians met at Muirmoss,
The Kirrimorians beat the Forfarians back to the Cross.
Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be ;
F—— upon Forfar, Kirrimuir bears the gree.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO DRUMMOND

UNDER the heading of "Poems attributed to Drummond," I have included twenty translations of Hymns of the Catholic Church, and a "macaronic" poem entitled *Polemo-Middinia inter Vitarvam et Nebernam.* The Hymns have been hitherto reckoned among the posthumous works of Drummond. They were first printed, as Drummond's, in the folio edition of his Works (Edinburgh, 1711), and have been reprinted, without question, in succeeding editions. In the preface to *Annus Sanctus,** however, Mr. Orby Shipley has brought to light a fact which casts considerable doubt upon the authorship of these translations. It appears that the twenty Hymns were by no means published for the first time in 1711, but nearly a century earlier. They were printed anonymously in the Roman Catholic primer published at St. Omer, by John Heigham, in 1619. That in the Edinburgh Folio they were published "from the author's [Drummond's] original copies," proves nothing in regard to

* *Annus Sanctus. Hymns of the Church for the Ecclesiastical Year.* Selected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. Vol. I. London and New York, 1884.

their authenticity. Drummond was so in the habit of transcribing poems and passages from other authors, that the mere fact that a poem, or even a series of poems, existed in his handwriting is of no value whatever in determining its authorship. The evidence of the Hymns themselves is inconclusive: nothing is there which proclaims Drummond's authorship, nor anything which renders it absolutely inadmissible. But the fact that, having been printed in Drummond's lifetime, they were not recognised as his until more than sixty years after his death, does not seem to favour his claim. Moreover, it is certainly improbable, as Mr. Shipley has observed, that the Catholic printer of St. Omer should have applied to a Scottish Protestant for translations of Catholic hymns. There is a bare possibility that Drummond produced these versions while studying law in France, and left behind him copies which Heigham made use of; but upon the whole, I think, with Mr. Shipley, that it is far more likely that Drummond transcribed them from the primer, "for his own private edification."

The title-page of the earliest extant edition of *Polemo-Middinia* is as follows:—*Breviuscula et Compendiuscula Tellatio De Storia memorabili Fechtæ mervelabilis Quæ fuit Inter Muckreillios & Horsboyos atque Ladæos, &c. In hoc Libellulo, cujus Inscriptio Famosa hæc est, Polemo-Mediniainter Vitarvam & Nebernam, Placide & Jocose tractatur. Edinburgi, Re-printat* 1684. From the word "re-printat" it is evident that this was not actually the first edition. Drummond's name appears for the first time as that of the author of *Polemo-Middinia* in an edition pub-

lished at Oxford in 1691, in a thin quarto volume, which contains, in addition, the poem of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, attributed to King James V. In the Edinburgh Folio of 1711, *Polemo-Middinia* was printed for the first time in a collection of Drummond's Poems, no doubt as to its authenticity being expressed by the editors; and it has been reprinted as Drummond's in all the succeeding editions of his Poetical Works.

Some doubt, nevertheless, has still remained as to the authorship of *Polemo-Middinia*. On pp. 482–484 of his *Drummond of Hawthornden*, Professor Masson states the arguments on both sides, without, however, coming to any positive conclusion. In favour of Drummond's authorship, the only arguments of any weight are (1) his connection with the localities mentioned in the poem;* (2) the fact that in 1691 and 1711, when it was published under his name, the authorship was undisputed, although the poet's son, Sir William Drummond, was then living. But the former argument proves nothing at all, while the latter is invalidated by the fact that the Folio of 1711 attributes to Drummond two or three poems which are *certainly* by other authors. On the other side we have "(1) the absence of all reference in Drummond's life-time, or immediately afterwards, to such a piece as having been written by him, and of any draft or trace of it among the extant Hawthornden MSS., and (2) the total unlikeness of the piece to anything else known to have come from Drummond."

* The title may be thus Englished: *The Midden-Fight between Scotstarvet and Newbarns.*

To these reasons for doubting Drummond's authorship may be added a third, which was overlooked by Professor Masson, and was first, I believe, pointed out in *Notes and Queries* (Sept. 5, 1891). In Defoe's *Tour thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain* (London, 1727), *Polemo-Middinia* is mentioned, and its author named. The passage occurs in the *Account of Scotland*, in the third volume of the *Tour* (pp. 150–151), and is as follows :—

"The People who work in the Coal Mines in this Country . . . are well describ'd by their own Countryman *Samuel Colvil*, in his famous Macaronick Poem, call'd *Polemo Midinia;* thus,

Cole-hewers Nigri, girnantes more Divelli." *

Samuel Colvil is a somewhat shadowy personage, who has been confused with Alexander Colville, a Scottish Episcopalian divine, who died at Edinburgh in 1676. They seem, however, to have been two distinct persons. Of Samuel Colvil all that can be said is, that he was the author of a piece entitled the *Mock Poem, or, Whiggs Supplication*, which was published anonymously at London in 1681. An edition of the *Whiggs Supplication*, published at Edinburgh in 1695, has the name of "Sam. Colvil" as that of the author ; † so also the London edition of 1710. This poem is a satire upon the Presbyterians, written in imitation of Butler's *Hudibras:* it is not altogether without humour, and offers, at least, no evidence to the contrary of Defoe's assertion,

* Line 81.

† Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.*

that its author was likewise the author of *Polemo-Middinia*. Upon these considerations, and regarding the nature and style of the poem, I am decidedly of opinion that *Polemo-Middinia* was not written by Drummond of Hawthornden. With or without Drummond's name, it was frequently reprinted in Scotland, being there esteemed "very witty and diverting."

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO DRUMMOND

HYMNS

HYMN.

[*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*]

HIM whom the earth, the sea, and sky
Worship, adore, and magnify,
And doth this threefold engine steer,
Mary's pure closet now doth bear.

Whom sun and moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call;
Pouring from heaven his sacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother most blest by such a dower,
Whose maker, Lord of highest power,
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himself restrains,

Blest by a message from heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught;
Of nations the desired king
Within thy sacred womb doth spring.

Lord, may thy glory still endure,
Who born wast of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the sp'rit's of love,
Which endless worlds may not remove.

AN EVENING HYMN.

[*Te lucis ante terminum.*]

MAKER of all, we thee entreat,
Before the joyful light descend,
That thou with wonted mercy great
Us as our keeper would'st defend.

Let idle dreams be far away,
And vain illusions of the night;
Repress our foe, lest that he may
Our bodies to foul lust incite.

Let this, O Father, granted be,
Through our dear Saviour's boundless merit,
Who doth for ever live with thee,
Together with the Holy Spirit.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[*Stabat mater.*]

THE mother stood with grief confounded,
Near the cross; her tears abounded
While her dear son hanged was,
Through whose soul, her sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest points of swords did pass.

O how sad and how distress'd
Was the mother ever-bless'd,
Who God's only Son forth brought!
She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

HYMN UPON THE NATIVITY.

[*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*]

CHRIST, whose redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone,
Before the world began to be,
Didst spring from him by means unknown;

Thou his clear brightness, thou his light,
Thou everlasting hope of all,
Observe the prayers which in thy sight
Thy servants through the world let fall.

O dearest Saviour, bear in mind,
That of our body thou a child
Didst whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the present day makes known,
Passing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's sole safety didst appear.

The highest heaven, the earth, and seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent thee us to ease,
With mirthful songs his praise resound.

We also, who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from sinful state,
For this thy birthday will prepare
New hymns this feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore,
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghost, for evermore.

HYMN UPON THE INNOCENTS.

[*Salvete flores martyrum.*]

HAIL, you sweet babes, that are the flowers,
Whom, when you life begin to taste,
The enemy of Christ devours,
As whirlwinds down the roses cast.

First sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offered lambs a tender sort;
With palms and crowns you innocent
Before the sacred altar sport.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

[*Cœlestis Urbs Jerusalem.*]

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd,
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, deck'd in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls, wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates, adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go
All those who are on earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polish'd are,
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
  Whose boundless power we still adore,
  And sing their praise for evermore.

HYMN.

[*Jesu, corona virginum.*]

Jesu, our prayers with mildness hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The sole example of her sex.

Thou feeding there where lilies spring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy spouses dost to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whithersoever thou dost go;
They trace thy steps with songs of praise,
And in sweet hymns thy glory show.

Cause thy protecting grace, we pray,
In all our senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our souls with foul corruption wound.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
While time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN.

[*Creator alme siderum.*]

BENIGN Creator of the stars,
Eternal light of faithful eyes,
Christ, whose redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers despise:

Who for the state of mankind griev'd,
That it by death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'st to come
Out of thy wedding-chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's purest womb:

To the strong force of whose high reign
All knees are bow'd with gesture low,
Creatures which heaven or earth contain,
With rev'rence their subjection show.

O holy Lord, we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preserve us as the times require,
From our deceitful foes' assaults.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

[*Lucis Creator optime.*]

O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days
With the first work of splendour bright,
The world didst to beginning raise;

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandedst should be call'd the day;
The foul confusion now is gone,
O hear us when with tears we pray;

Lest that the mind, with fears full fraught,
Should lose best life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is enwrapt in sinful chains.

O may it beat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess;
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR MONDAY.

[*Immense cæli Conditor.*]

GREAT Maker of the heavens wide,
Who, lest things mix'd should all confound,
The floods and waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the heavens their bound ;

Ordering where heavenly things shall stay,
Where streams shall run on earthly soil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Lest they the globe of earth should spoil ;

Sweet Lord, into our minds infuse
The gift of everlasting grace,
That no old faults which we did use
May with new frauds our souls deface.

May our true faith obtain the light,
And such clear beams our hearts possess,
That it vain things may banish quite,
And that no falsehood it oppress.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR TUESDAY.

[*Telluris alme Conditor.*]

GREAT Maker of man's earthly realm,
Who didst the ground from waters take,
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it unmoveable didst make,

That there young plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden flowers attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield sweet fruit by all desir'd ;

With fragrant greenness of thy grace,
Our blasted souls of wounds release,
That tears foul sins away may chase,
And in the mind bad motions cease :

May it obey thy heavenly voice,
And never drawing near to ill,
T' abound in goodness may rejoice,
And may no mortal sin fulfil.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR WEDNESDAY.

[*Cœli Deus sanctissime.*]

O HOLY God of heavenly frame,
Who mak'st the pole's high centre bright,
And paint'st the same with shining flames,
Adorning it with beauteous light;

Who, framing on the fourth of days
The fiery chariot of the sun,
Appoint'st the moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run,

That thou might'st by a certain bound,
'Twixt night and day division make,
And that some sure sign might be found
To show when months beginning take;

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

[*Magnæ Deus Potentiæ.*]

O God, whose forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters spring
Back to the flood dost partly send,
And up to th' air dost partly bring;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the heavens above,
That natures, from one stock deriv'd,
May thus to several dwellings move;

Upon thy servants grace bestow,
Whose souls thy bloody waters clear,
That they no sinful falls may know,
Nor heavy grief of death may bear;

That sin no soul oppress'd may thrall,
That none be lifted high with pride,
That minds cast downward do not fall,
Nor raised up may backward slide.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR FRIDAY.

[*Hominis superne Conditor.*]

GOD, from whose work mankind did spring,
Who all in rule dost only keep,
Bidding the dry land forth to bring
All kind of beasts which on it creep ;

Who hast made subject to man's hand
Great bodies of each mighty thing,
That, taking life from thy command,
They might in order serve their King ;

From us thy servants, Lord, expel
These errors which uncleanness breeds,
Which either in our manners dwell,
Or mix themselves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life,
The plenteous gifts of grace increase,
Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife,
Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like power hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

[*Jam Sol recedit igneus.*]

O TRINITY, O blessed light,
O Unity, most principal!
The fiery sun now leaves our sight,
Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall.

Let us with songs of praise divine,
At morn and evening thee implore,
And let our glory bow'd to thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father, glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Both now and still while ages run.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT. HYMN.

[*Audi, benigne Conditor.*]

O MERCIFUL Creator, hear
Our prayers to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this most holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we sinned to our shame,
But spare us who our sins confess;
And for the glory of thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity,
Pure Unity, to this incline,
That the effects of fasts may be
A grateful recompense for thine.

ON THE ASCENSION DAY.

[*Salutis humanæ Sator.*]

O Jesu, who our souls dost save,
On whom our love and hopes depend,
God, from whom all things being have,
Man, when the world drew to an end;

What clemency thee vanquish'd so,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make?

Let thine own goodness to thee bend,
That thou our sins may'st put to flight;
Spare us, and as our wishes tend,
O satisfy us with thy sight.

May'st thou our joyful pleasures be,
Who shall be our expected gain,
And let our glory be in thee,
While any ages shall remain.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

[*Veni Creator Spiritus.*]

CREATOR, Holy Ghost, descend,
Visit our minds with thy bright flame,
And thy celestial grace extend,
To fill the hearts which thou didst frame,

Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows,
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy sevenfold grace thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand thou finger art,
Thou by the Father promised,
Unto our mouths dost speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse thy love into our hearts,
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind
To know the Father and the Son,
The Spirit who them both dost bind,
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father, glory great,
And to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

ON THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD, THE SIXTH OF AUGUST; A HYMN.

[*Quicumque Christum quæritis.*]

All you that seek Christ, let your sight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the sign most bright
Of everlasting glory see.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high;
Than heaven or that rude heap more old,
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great Prince embrace;
The Jews obey this King's command,
Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A blessing while the world shall stand.

By mouths of prophets free from lies,
Who seal the witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should him believe and hear.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost for aye.

ON THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

[*Te splendor et virtus Patris.*]

To thee, O Christ, thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inspires,
In presence of thine angels bright,
We sing with voice and with desires:
Ourselves we mutually invite
To melody with answering quires.

With reverence we those soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly throne abide,
And chiefly him whom God doth raise
His strong celestial host to guide,
Michael, who by his power dismays,
And beateth down the devil's pride.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

Nymphæ, quæ colitis highissima monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crailia crofta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, et fleucca et sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis lobster monyfootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis;

Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda deûm, et nympharum cockelshelleatarum,
Maia ubi sheepifeda atque ubi solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum sol bootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris.
Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres,
Ad terram cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Sol-goosæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit;
Quodque magis, alte volitans heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.
Namque in principio, storiam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos:
Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
Crofta per et agros Nebernæ, transque fenestras:
Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.
Hic aderant Geordie Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
Et Jamie Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas;
Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus joly boyus, atque Oldomoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo drivare solebat,
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Et plouky-fac'd Wattie Strang, atque in-kneed
Alshinder Atken,

Et Willie Dick heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lothus pugnare, sed hunc corngrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, et illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor et Tom Nicolsonus,
Et Tomie Gilchristus, et fool Jockie Robisonus,
Andrew Alshinderus, et Jamie Thomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Heu pudet, ignoro nomen) slaverybeardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et assam jecerat extra.
Denique præ reliquis Geordæum affatur, et inquit,
Geordie, mi formanne, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades, et crooksaddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis ;
Amblentemque meam naggam, fattumque magistri
Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos,
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sidis tu pone manus, et dicito, fart, jade.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes :
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine swieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida mustrat,
Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux piperlaius heros
Præcedens, magnam gestans cum burdine pipam,
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.*

* The *Battle of Harlaw ;* an old Scottish ballad.

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Tunc Neberna furens, yettam ipsa egressa videnſque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta,
Haud tulit affrontam tantam, verum agmine facto
Convocat extemplo horsboyos atque ladæos,
Jackmannum, byremannos, pleughdrivsters atque
pleughmannos,
Tumblantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishcloute dishas ;
Et saltpanniſumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli ;
Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggæam, magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas ;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longoberdamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque simul Gillam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blacko caput sooty clouto,
Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oscularier arsas,
Quæque lanam cardare solet olifingria Betty.
Tum vero hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum :
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sidera riſtas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prœlia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis,
Rustæam manibus gestans furibunda gulæam,
Tandem muckcreilios vocat ad pellmellia fleidos.
Ite, ait, uglæi felloes, si quis modo posthac

Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro ego quod ejus longum extrahabo thropellum,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram. Sic verba finivit.
Obstupuit Vitarva diu dirtfleida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, muckcreilos ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.
O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso
Battelli onsetto ! pugnat muckcreilius heros
Fortiter, et muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus shoollare ardet : sic dirta volavit.
O qualis feirie fairie fuit, si forte videsses
Pipantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breickas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prœlia fantas !
O qualis hurlie burlie fuit ! namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat :
Stout erant ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva.
Tum vero e medio muckdryvster prosilit unus,
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes,
Dirtavitque totam petticotam gutture thicko,
Perlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram mucksherda begariavit.
Sed tamen ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum ;
At non valde procul fuerat revenga, sed illum
Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigridi facta,
Bublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum :
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.

Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit gilliwhippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit.
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneezing valde operativum
Pro præmio, swingere, tuo. Tum denique fleido
Ingentem gilliwamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis : sic Gilla triumphat.
Obstupuit bumbaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy !
Ter quater exclamat, et O quam sæpe sneezavit !
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra et infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens,
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæc Vitarva videns, yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy ! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset :
Tum vero quackare hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit Jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam ;
Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus * forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuo townam dingasset in yerdam.

* *Magnus Ludovicus* is Louis XIII., who besieged the Huguenot town of Montauban unsuccessfully in 1621. The town was surrendered to him in 1629.

Exit corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scarbabo facies, et vos worriabo.
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque grivate,
Barlafumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus, O God !
Quid multis ? Sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

APPENDIX II

A CYPRESS GROVE*

THOUGH it hath been doubted if there be in the soul such imperious and super-excellent power, as that it can, by the vehement and earnest working of it, deliver knowledge to another without bodily organs, and by only conceptions and ideas produce real effects; yet it hath been ever, and of all, held, as infallible and most certain, that it often (either by outward inspiration or some secret motion in itself) is augur of its own misfortunes, and hath shadows of approaching dangers presented unto it before they fall forth. Hence so many strange apparitions and signs, true visions, uncouth heaviness, and causeless languishings: of which to seek a reason, unless from the sparkling of God in the soul, or from the God-like sparkles of the soul, were to make reason unreasonable, by reasoning of things transcending her reach.

Having, when I had given myself to rest in the

* Transcribed, the punctuation occasionally corrected, and the spelling modernised, from the second edition of *Flowers of Sion*, 1630. Here and there the text differs from that of the first edition, but the variations are of no importance.

quiet solitariness of the night, found often my imagination troubled with a confused fear, no, sorrow or horror, which, interrupting sleep, did astonish my senses, and rouse me, all appalled and transported, in a sudden agony and amazedness; of such an unaccustomed perturbation, not knowing, nor being able to dive into any apparent cause, carried away with the stream of my (then doubting) thoughts, I began to ascribe it to that secret foreknowledge and presaging power of the prophetic mind, and to interpret such an agony to be to the spirit, as a sudden faintness and universal weariness useth to be to the body, a sign of following sickness; or, as winter lightnings, earthquakes, and monsters prove to commonwealths and great cities, harbingers of wretched events, and emblems of their hidden destinies.

Hereupon, not thinking it strange if whatsoever is human should befall me, knowing how Providence overcometh grief, and discountenances crosses; and that as we should not despair in evils which may happen us, we should not be too confident, nor too much lean to those goods we enjoy; I began to turn over in my remembrance all that could afflict miserable mortality, and to forecast every accident which could beget gloomy and sad apprehensions, and with a mask of horror show itself to human eyes. Till in the end (as by unities and points mathematicians are brought to great numbers, and huge greatness), after many fantastical glances of the woes of mankind, and those encumbrances which follow upon life, I was brought to think, and with amazement, on the last of human terrors, or, as one termed it, the last of all dreadful and terrible evils—Death. For to easy

censure it would appear that the soul, if it can foresee that divorcement which it is to have from the body, should not without great reason be thus over-grieved, and plunged in inconsolable and unaccustomed sorrow; considering their near union, long familiarity and love, with the great change, pain, ugliness, which are apprehended to be the inseparable attendants of Death.

They had their being together; parts they are of one reasonable creature; the harming of the one is the weakening of the working of the other. What sweet contentments doth the soul enjoy by the senses! They are the gates and windows of its knowledge, the organs of its delight. If it be tedious to an excellent player on the lute to endure but a few months the want of one,* how much more must the being without such noble tools and engines be plaintful to the soul! And if two pilgrims which have wandered some little piece of ground together, have an heart's-grief when they are near to part, what must the sorrow be at the parting of two so loving friends and never-loathing lovers as are the body and soul!

Death is the sad estranger of acquaintance, the eternal divorcer of marriage, the ravisher of the children from their parents, the stealer of parents from the children, the interrer of fame, the sole cause of forgetfulness, by which the living talk of those gone away as of so many shadows, or fabulous Paladins. All strength by it is enfeebled, beauty

* Drummond himself, as the reader may remember, was a player on the lute.

turned in deformity and rottenness, honour in contempt, glory into baseness: it is the unreasonable breaker-off of all the actions of virtue; by which we enjoy no more the sweet pleasures on earth, neither contemplate the stately revolutions of the heavens; sun perpetually setteth, stars never rise unto us. It in one moment depriveth us of what with so great toil and care in many years we have heaped together. By this are successions of lineages cut short, kingdoms left heirless, and greatest states orphaned. It is not overcome by pride, smoothed by gaudy flattery, tamed by entreaties, bribed by benefits, softened by lamentations, diverted by time. Wisdom, save this, can alter and help anything. By Death we are exiled from this fair city of the world; it is no more a world unto us, nor we any more people into it. The ruins of fanes, palaces, and other magnificent frames, yield a sad prospect to the soul: and how should it consider the wrack of such a wonderful masterpiece as is the body, without horror?

Though it cannot well and altogether be denied but that death naturally is terrible and to be abhorred; it being a privation of life, and a not being, and every privation being abhorred of nature and evil in itself, the fear of it too being ingenerate universally in all creatures; yet I have often thought that even naturally, to a mind by only nature resolved and prepared, it is more terrible in conceit than in verity,—and at the first glance than when well pried into; and that rather by the weakness of our fantasy, than by what is in it; and that the marble colours of obsequies, weeping, and funeral pomp (with which

we ourselves limn it forth) did add much more ghastliness unto it than otherwise it hath. To aver which conclusion, when I had recollected my overcharged spirits, I began thus with myself.

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to grudge at so severe and partial a law. But since it is a necessity, from the which never an age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which these which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nothing availing stubbornness, oppose to so unevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, our general home: behold, what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run! In so universal a calamity, if Death be one, private complaints cannot be heard: with so many royal palaces, it is small loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twinneth forth and again up-windeth our life?) and hold still time, to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a piece of the order of this All, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this orb of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like a still flowing and ebbing sea, with diverse waves, but the same

water, keepeth a restless and never tiring current.* What is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself, doth abide; *Man* a long line of years hath continued, *this man* every hundredth is swept away. This air-encircled globe is the sole region of Death, the grave, where everything that taketh life must rot, the lists of fortune and change, only glorious in the inconstancy and varying alterations of it; which, though many, seem yet to abide one, and being a certain entire one, are ever many. The never-agreeing bodies of the elemental brethren turn one in another: the earth changeth her countenance with the seasons, sometimes looking cold and naked, other times hot and flowery: nay, I can not tell how, but even the lowest of those celestial bodies, that mother of months, and empress of seas and moisture, as if she were a mirror of our constant mutability, appeareth (by her great nearness unto us) to participate of our alterations, never seeing us twice with that same face, now looking black, then pale and wan, sometimes again in the perfection and fulness of her beauty shining over us. Death here no less than life doth act a part; the taking away of what is old being the making way for what is young.

* This is the Platonic doctrine. Since Matter is the farthest from real Being, its nature is said to be ever flowing, in opposition to the stable nature of true Being. Hence, also, matter is properly non-being. Soul imparts form to matter, and thence arises Body, which is *apparent* being. But from the flowing nature of matter, the forms which are in it are always changing, and thus it is said that the sensible universe is always *becoming*, but never really *is*.

This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out, that new may be written in. They which forewent us did leave a room for us, and should we grieve to do the same to those which should come after us? Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time to dislodge? This is his unalterable and unevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume of any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very willing giveth being to all that it wills; and adoring the Orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which all-where, and all-ways, are so perfectly established, that who would essay to alter and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility. All that is necessary and convenient for us they have bestowed upon us, and freely granted; and what they have not bestowed nor granted us, neither is it necessary nor convenient that we should have it.

If thou dost complain that there shall be a time in the which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not too grieve that there was a time in the which thou wast not, and so that thou art not as old as that enlifening planet of time? For, not to have been a thousand years before this moment, is as much to be deplored, as not to be a thousand after it, the effect of them both being one: that will be after us which long long ere we were was. Our children's children have that

same reason to murmur that they were not young men in our days, which we now, to complain that we shall not be old in theirs. The violets have their time, though they empurple not the winter, and the roses keep their season, though they discover not their beauty in the spring.

Empires, states, kingdoms, have, by the doom of the supreme providence, their fatal periods; great cities lie sadly buried in their dust; arts and sciences have not only their eclipses, but their wanings and deaths; the ghastly wonders of the world, raised by the ambition of ages, are overthrown and trampled; some lights above, deserving to be entitled stars, are loosed and never more seen of us; the excellent fabric of this universe itself shall one day suffer ruin, or a change like a ruin; and poor earthlings thus to be handled complain!

But is this life so great a good that the loss of it should be so dear unto man? If it be, the meanest creatures of nature thus be happy, for they live no less than he. If it be so great a felicity, how is it esteemed of man himself at so small a rate, that for so poor gains, nay, one disgraceful word, he will not stand to lose it? What excellency is there in it, for the which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at rest, and return to his old Grandmother Dust? Of what moment are the labours and actions of it, that the interruption and leaving-off of them should be to him so distasteful, and with such grudging lamentations received?

Is not the entering into life weakness? the continuing sorrow? In the one he is exposed to all the injuries of the elements, and like a condemned tres-

passer (as if it were a fault to come to light), no sooner born than fast manacled and bound: in the other he is restlessly, like a ball, tossed in the tennis-court of this world; when he is in the brightest meridian of his glory there needeth nothing to destroy him but to let him fall his own height; a reflex of the sun, a blast of wind, nay, the glance of an eye is sufficient to undo him. How can that be any great matter, of which so small instruments and slender actions are masters?

His body is but a mass of discording humours, composed and elemented by the conspiring influences of superior lights,* which, though agreeing for a trace of time, yet can never be made uniform and kept in a just proportion. To what sickness is it subject unto, beyond those of the other sensible creatures! no part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one; nay, every part with many, yea, so many that the masters of that art can scarce number or name them. So that the life of divers of the meanest creatures of nature hath with great reason by the most wise been preferred to the natural life of man; and we should rather wonder how so fragile a matter should so long endure, than how so soon dissolve and decay.

Are the actions of the most part of men much differing from the exercise of the spider, that pitcheth toils and is tapist,† to prey on the smaller creatures, and for the weaving of a scornful web eviscerateth

* "The whole of generation," says Proclus, "is governed by the Sun and Moon."

† Tapist: concealed.

itself many days; which when with much industry finished, a little puff of wind carrieth away both the work and the worker? Or are they not like the plays of children, or (to hold them at their highest rate) as is a May-game, a masque, or, what is more earnest, some study at chess? Every day we rise and lie down, apparel our bodies and disapparel them, make them sepulchres of dead creatures, weary them and refresh them; which is a circle of idle travails and labours, like Penelope's task, unprofitably renewed. Some time we are in a chase after a fading beauty; now we seek to enlarge our bounds, increase our treasure, living poorly, to purchase what we must leave to those we shall never see, or, haply, to a fool or a prodigal heir. Raised with the wind of ambition, we court that idle name of honour, not considering how they mounted aloft in the highest ascendant of earthly glory are but tortured ghosts, wandering with golden fetters in glistering prisons, having fear and danger their unseparable executioners, in the midst of multitudes rather guarded than regarded. They whom opaque imaginations, and inward thoughtfulness, have made weary of the world's eye, though they have withdrawn themselves from the course of vulgar affairs, by vain contemplations, curious searches, think their life away, are more disquieted, and live worse than others, their wit being too sharp to give them a true taste of present infelicities and to aggravate their woes;* while they of a more shallow and blunt conceit have want of knowledge and ignorance

* *I.e.*, The over-sharpness of their wit giving them a true taste, &c.

of themselves, for a remedy and antidote against all the grievances and encumbrances of life.

What chameleon, what Euripe,* what rainbow, what moon doth change so oft as man? He seemeth not the same person in one and the same day; what pleaseth him in the morning is in the evening distasteful unto him. Young, he scorneth his childish conceits, and wading deeper in years (for years are a sea, into which he wadeth until he drown) he esteemeth his youth unconstancy, rashness, folly; old, he beginneth to pity himself, plaining, because he is changed, that the world is changed; like those in a ship, which, when they launch from the shore, are brought to think the shore doth fly from them. He hath no sooner acquired what he did desire, but he beginneth to enter into new cares, and desire what he shall never be able to acquire. When he seemeth freed of evil in his own estate, he grudgeth and vexeth himself at the happiness and fortunes of others. He is pressed with care for what is present, with grief for what is past, with fear for what is to come, nay, for what will never come; and as in the eye one tear draweth another after it, so maketh he one sorrow follow upon a former, and every day lay up stuff of grief for the next.

The air, the sea, the fire, the beasts be cruel executioners of man; yet beasts, fire, sea, and air, are pitiful to man in comparison of man, for more men are destroyed by men, than by them all. What

* Euripus: a narrow channel between Bœotia and the island of Eubœa, celebrated for the frequent and irregular changes of its current.

scorns, wrongs, contumelies, imprisonments, torments, poisons, receiveth man of man! What engines and new works of death are daily found out by man against man! What laws to thrall his liberty, fantasies and bugbears to infatuate and inveigle his reason! Amongst the beasts is there any that hath so servile a lot in another's behalf as man? Yet neither is content, nor he who reigneth, nor he who serveth.

The half of our life is spent in sleep; which hath such a resemblance to death, that often it separates the soul from the body, and teacheth it a sort of being above it, making it soar beyond the sphere of sensual delights, and attain to knowledge unto which, while the body did awake, it dared scarce aspire. And who would not, rather than remain chained in this loathsome galley of the world, sleep ever (that is, die), having all things at one stay, be free from those vexations, disasters, contempts, indignities, and many many anguishes, unto which this life is envassaled and made thrall? And, well looked unto, our greatest contentment and happiness here seemeth rather to consist in an absence of misery, than in the enjoying of any great good.

What have the dearest favourites of the world, created to the patterns of the fairest ideas of mortality, to glory in? Is it greatness? Who can be great on so small a round as is this earth, and bounded with so short a course of time? How like is that to castles or imaginary cities raised in the skies by chance-meeting clouds; or to giants modelled, for a sport, of snow, which at the hotter looks of the sun melt away, and lie drowned in their own moisture! Such

an impetuous vicissitude touzeth the estate of this world. But we have not yet attained to a perfect understanding of the smallest flower, and why the grass should rather be green than red. The element of fire is quite put out, the air is but water rarefied, the earth is found to move, and is no more the centre of the universe, is turned into a magnet; stars are not fixed, but swim in the ethereal spaces, comets are mounted above the planets. Some affirm there is another world of men and sensitive creatures, with cities and palaces, in the moon: the sun is lost, for it is but a light made of the conjunction of many shining bodies together, a cleft in the lower heavens, through which the rays of the highest diffuse themselves; is observed to have spots. Thus sciences, by the diverse motions of this globe of the brain of man, are become opinions, nay, errors, and leave the imagination in a thousand labyrinths.* What is all we know, compared with what we know not? We have not yet agreed about the chief good and felicity. It is perhaps artificial cunning.† How many curiosities be framed by the least creatures of nature (who like a wise painter showeth in a small portrait more ingine

* Drummond here uses the term "opinion" in its Platonic sense. Opinion (δόξα) is that power of the soul which reasons upon the impressions of sense, knowing the essence of sensibles, but not the cause. "For," says Proclus, "the object of its knowledge is external to, and not within it." According to this meaning, that which we now call science is in fact opinion. But true science is the knowledge of real Being.

† Cunning: skill; ingenuity.

than in a great) unto which the industry of the most curious artizans doth not attain! Is it riches? What are they, but the idols of fools, the casting out of friends, snares of liberty, bands to such as have them, possessing rather than possessed, metals which nature hath hid (foreseeing the great harms they should occasion), and the only opinion of man hath brought in estimation? They are like to thorns, which laid on an open hand are easily blown away, and wound the closing and hard-gripping. Prodigals mis-spend them, wretches * mis-keep them: when we have gathered the greatest abundance, we ourselves can enjoy no more of them than so much as belongs to one man. They take not away want, but occasion it: what great and rich men do by others, the meaner and more contented sort do by themselves. Will some talk of our pleasures? It is not, though in the fables, told out of purpose, that Pleasure, being called up to heaven, to disburthen herself and become more light, did here leave her apparel, which Sorrow (then naked, forsaken, and wandering) finding, did afterwards attire herself with. And if we would say the truth of most of our joys, we must confess them to be but disguised sorrows: remorse ever ensueth them, and (being the heirs of displeasure) seldom do they appear, except sadness and some wakening grief hath really preceded and forewent them. Will some ladies vaunt of their beauty? That is but skin-thick, of two senses only known, short even of marble statues and pictures; not the same to all eyes, dangerous to the beholder,

* Wretches: misers.

and hurtful to the possessor; an enemy to chastity, a frame made to delight others more than those which have it, a superficial varnish hiding bones and the brains, things fearful to be looked upon: growth in years doth blast it, or sickness or sorrow preventing them. Our strength, matched with that of the unreasonable creatures, is but weakness. All we can set our eyes upon in these intricate mazes of life is but alchemy, vain perspective, and deceiving shadows, appearing far otherwise afar off, than when enjoyed and looked upon at a near distance. O! who, if before he had a being he could have knowledge of the manifold miseries of it, would enter this woeful hospital of the world, and accept of life upon such hard conditions?

If death be good, why should it be feared, and if it be the work of nature, how should it not be good? For nature is an ordinance, disposition, and rule which God hath established in creating this universe, as is the law of a King which can not err. For how should the maker of that ordinance err, sith in him there is no impotency and weakness, by the which he might bring forth what is unperfect, no perverseness of will, of which might proceed any vicious action, no ignorance, by the which he might go wrong in working; being most powerful, most good, most wise, nay, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful? He is the first orderer, and marshalleth every other order; the highest essence, giving essence to all other things; of all causes the cause. He worketh powerfully, bounteously, wisely, and maketh nature, his artificial organ, do the same. How is not death of nature, sith what is naturally generate is subject to corruption, and sith such an

harmony, which is life, arising of the mixture of the four elements, which are the ingredients of our bodies, can not ever endure; the contrarieties of their qualities, as a consuming rust in the baser metals, being an inward cause of a necessary dissolution? O of frail and instable things the constant, firm, and eternal order! For even in their changes they keep ever universal, ancient, and uncorruptible laws.

Again, how can death be evil, sith it is the thaw of all these vanities which the frost of life bindeth together? If there be a satiety in life, then must there not be a sweetness in death? Man were an intolerable thing, were he not mortal; the earth were not ample enough to contain her offspring, if none died. In two or three ages, without death, what an unpleasant and lamentable spectacle were the most flourishing cities! For, what should there be to be seen in them, save bodies languishing and curving again unto the earth, pale disfigured faces, skeletons instead of men? And what to be heard, but the exclamations of the young, complaints of the old, with the pitiful cries of sick and pining persons? There is almost no infirmity worse than age.

If there be any evil in death, it would appear to be that pain and torment which we apprehend to arise from the breaking of those strait bands which keep the soul and body together; which, sith not without great struggling and motion, seemeth to prove itself vehement and most extreme. The senses are the only cause of pain, but before the last trances of death they are so brought under, that they have no, or very little, strength; and their strength lessening, the strength of pain too must be lessened. How

should we doubt but the weakness of sense lesseneth pain, sith we know that weakened and maimed parts which receive not nourishment, are a great deal less sensible than the other parts of the body; and see that old, strengthless, decrepit persons leave this world almost without pain, as in a sleep? If bodies of the most sound and wholesome constitution be those which most vehemently feel pain, it must then follow that they of a distempered and crazy constitution have least feeling of pain; and by this reason, all weak and sick bodies should not much feel pain; for if they were not distempered and evil complexioned, they would not be sick. That the sight, hearing, taste, smelling, leave us without pain, and unawares, we are undoubtedly assured; and why should we not think the same of the feeling? That by which we are capable of feeling, is the vital spirits animated by the brain, which, in a man in perfect health, by veins and arteries are spread and extended through the whole body, and hence it is that the whole body is capable of pain; but in dying bodies we see that by pauses and degrees those parts which are furthest removed from the heart become cold, and being deprived of natural heat, all the pain which they feel, is that they do feel no pain. Now, even as, ere the sick be aware, the vital spirits have withdrawn themselves from the whole extension of the body, to succour the heart (like distressed citizens which, finding their walls battered down, fly to the defence of their citadel), so do they abandon the heart without any sensible touch; as the flame, the oil failing, leaveth the wick, or as the light the air which it doth invest. As to those shrinking motions and convulsions of sinews and

members, which appear to witness great pain, let one represent to himself the strings of a high-tuned lute, which, breaking, retire to their natural windings, or a piece of ice, that without any outward violence cracketh at a thaw: no otherwise do the sinews of the body, finding themselves slack and unbended from the brain, and their wonted labours and motions cease, struggle, and seem to stir themselves, but without either pain or sense. Swooning is a true portrait of death, or rather it is the same, being a cessation from all action, motion, and function of sense and life; but in swooning there is no pain, but a silent rest, and so deep and sound a sleep, that the natural is nothing in comparison of it. What great pain then can there be in death, which is but a continued swooning, a sweet ignorance of cares, and a never again returning to the works and dolorous felicity of life? The wise and all-provident Creator hath made death by many signs of pain appear terrible, to the effect, that if man, for relief of miseries and present evils, should have unto it recourse, it being apparently a worser, he should rather constantly endure what he knoweth, than have refuge unto that which he feareth and knoweth not. The terrors of death seem the guardians of life.

Now although death were an extreme pain, sith it comes in an instant, what can it be? Why should we fear it, for, while we are, it cometh not, and it being come, we are no more? Nay, though it were most painful, long continuing, and terrible-ugly, why should we fear it, sith fear is a foolish passion but where it may preserve? But it cannot preserve us from death; yea, rather fear maketh us to meet with

that which we would shun, and banishing the comforts of present contentments, bringeth death more near unto us. That is ever terrible which is unknown; so do little children fear to go in the dark, and their fear is increased with tales.

But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee in the prime and most delicious season of thy life; for, though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be? If God had made life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy years, which are now ——, and thou shalt find, that whereas ten have over-lived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of nature, nay, even one day and night; for more, is but the same brought again. This sun, that moon, these stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the golden age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in, have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by that space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young, is to do that soon, and in

some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game that, after never so many hazards, must be lost. When thou hast lived to that age thou desirest, or one of Plato's years, so soon as the last of thy days riseth above thy horizon, thou wilt then as now demand longer respite, and expect more to come. The oldest are most unwilling to die. It is hope of long life that maketh life seem short. Who will behold, and with the eyes of judgment behold, the many changes depending on human affairs, with the after-claps of fortune, shall never lament to die young. Who knoweth what alterations and sudden disasters in outward estate, or inward contentments, in this wilderness of the world, might have befallen him who dieth young, if he had lived to be old? Heaven, foreknowing imminent harms, taketh those which it loveth to itself, before they fall forth. Death in youth is like the leaving a superfluous feast, before the drunken cups be presented and walk about. Pure and (if we may so say) virgin souls carry their bodies with no small agonies, and delight not to remain long in the dregs of human corruption, still burning with a desire to turn back to the place of their rest; for this world is their inn, and not their home. That which may fall forth every hour, can not fall out of time. Life is a journey in a dusty way, the furthest rest is death; in this some go more heavily burthened than others: swift and active pilgrims come to the end of it in the morning, or at noon, which tortoise-paced wretches, clogged with the fragmentary rubbish of this world, scarce with great travail crawl unto at midnight. Days are not to be esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodness: more com-

pass maketh not a sphere more complete, but as round is a little as a large ring; nor is that musician most praiseworthy who hath longest played, but he in measured accents who hath made sweetest melody; to live long hath often been a let to live well. Muse not how many years thou might'st have enjoyed life, but how sooner thou might'st have lost it; neither grudge so much that it is no better, as comfort thyself that it hath been no worse: let it suffice that thou hast lived till this day, and (after the course of this world) not for nought; thou hast had some smiles of fortune, favours of the worthiest, some friends, and thou hast never been disfavoured of the heaven.

Though not for life itself, yet that to after worlds thou might'st leave some monument that once thou wast, haply in the clear light of reason it would appear that life were earnestly to be desired: for sith it is denied us to live ever (said one), let us leave some worthy remembrance of our once here being, and draw out this span of life to the greatest length and so far as is possible. O poor ambition! to what, I pray thee, mayst thou concredit it? Arches and stately temples, which one age doth raise, doth not another raze? Tombs and adopted pillars lie buried with those which were in them buried. Hath not avarice defaced what religion did make glorious? All that the hand of man can uprear, is either overturned by the hand of man, or at length by standing and continuing consumed: as if there were a secret opposition in Fate (the unevitable decree of the Eternal) to control our industry, and countercheck all our devices and proposing. Possessions are not enduring, children lose their names, families glorying,

like marigolds in the sun, on the highest top of wealth and honour, no better than they which are not yet born, leaving off to be. So doth heaven confound what we endeavour by labour and art to distinguish. That renown by papers,* which is thought to make men immortal, and which nearest doth approach the life of those eternal bodies above, how slender it is, the very word of paper doth import; and what is it when obtained, but a flourish of words, which coming times may scorn? How many millions never hear the names of the most famous writers; and amongst them to whom they are known, how few turn over their pages; and of such as do, how many sport at their conceits, taking the verity for a fable, and oft a fable for verity, or (as we do pleasants) use all for recreation? Then the arising of more famous, doth darken, put down, and turn ignoble the glory of the former, being held as garments worn out of fashion. Now, when thou hast attained what praise thou couldst desire, and thy fame is emblazoned in many stories, never after to be either shadowed or worn out, it is but an echo, a mere sound, a glow-worm, which, seen afar, casteth some cold beams, but approached is found nothing, an imaginary happiness, whose good depends on the opinion of others. Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, seldom are recorded in the volumes of admiration, nay, are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are erected to those whose names should have been buried in their dust, and folded up in the darkest clouds of oblivion: so do the rank weeds in

* Papers: literature.

this garden of the world choke and over-run the sweetest flowers. Applause whilst thou livest, serveth but to make thee that fair mark against which envy and malice direct their arrows, and when thou art wounded, all eyes are turned towards thee (like the sun, which is most gazed on in an eclipse), not for pity or praise, but detraction. At the best, it but resembleth that Syracusan's * sphere of crystal, not so fair as frail; and, born after thy death, it may as well be ascribed to some of those were in the Trojan horse, or to such as are yet to be born an hundred years hereafter, as to thee, who nothing knows, and is of all unknown. What can it avail thee to be talked of, whilst thou art not? Consider in what bounds our fame is confined, how narrow the lists are of human glory, and the furthest she can stretch her wings. This globe of the earth and water, which seemeth huge to us, in respect of the universe, compared with that wide, wide pavilion of heaven, is less than little, of no sensible quantity, and but as a point: for the horizon, which boundeth our sight, divideth the heavens as in two halves, having always six of the Zodiac signs above, and as many under it, which, if the earth had any quantity compared to it, it could not do. More, if the earth were not as a point, the stars could not still in all parts of it appear to us as of a like greatness; for where the earth raised itself in mountains, we being more near to heaven, they would appear to us of a greater quantity, and where it is humbled in valleys, we being

* That Syracusan: Archimedes; his sphere was a machine for representing the movements of the heavenly bodies.

further distant, they would seem unto us less: but the stars in all parts of the earth appearing of a like greatness, and to every part of it the heaven imparting to our sight the half of its inside, we must avouch it to be but as a point. Well did one compare it to an ant-hill, and men (the inhabitants) to so many pismires and grasshoppers, in the toil and variety of their diversified studies. Now of this small indivisible thing, thus compared, how much is covered with waters? How much not at all discovered? how much uninhabited and desert? and how many millions of millions are they, which share the remnant amongst them, in languages, customs, divine rites differing, and all almost to others unknown? But let it be granted that glory and fame are some great matter, are the life of the dead, and can reach heaven itself; sith they are oft buried with the honoured, and pass away in so fleet a revolution of time, what great good can they have in them? How is not glory temporal, if it increase with years and depend on time? Then imagine me (for what can not imagination reach unto?) one could be famous in all times to come, and over the whole world present; yet shall he be for ever obscure and ignoble to those mighty ones, which were only heretofore esteemed famous, amongst the Assyrians, Persians, Romans. Again, the vain affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his works abide some space, the worker is unknown: the huge Egyptian pyramids, and that grot in Pausilipo, though they have wrestled with time, and worn upon the vast of days, yet are their authors no more known, than it is known by what strange earthquakes and deluges isles were divided from the

continent, or hills bursted forth of the valleys. Days, months, and years are swallowed up in the great gulf of time, which puts out the eyes of all their glory, and only a fatal oblivion remains: of so many ages past, we may well figure to ourselves some likely appearances, but can affirm little certainty.

But, my soul, what aileth thee, to be thus backward and astonished at the remembrance of death, sith it doth not reach thee, more than darkness doth those far-shining lamps above? Rouse thyself for shame; why shouldst thou fear to be without a body, sith thy Maker, and the spiritual and supercelestial inhabitants have no bodies? Hast thou ever seen any prisoner, who, when the jail gates were broken up, and he enfranchised and set loose, would rather plain and sit still on his fetters than seek his freedom? Or any mariner, who, in the midst of storms arriving near the shore, would launch forth again unto the main, rather than strike sail and joyfully enter the lees of a safe harbour? If thou rightly know thyself, thou hast but small cause of anguish; for, if there be any resemblance of that which is infinite in what is finite (which yet by an infinite imperfection is from it distant), if thou be not an image, thou art a shadow of that unsearchable Trinity, in thy three essential powers, Understanding, Will, Memory; which, though three, are in thee but one, and abiding one, are distinctly three. But in nothing more comest thou near that sovereign Good than by thy perpetuity, which who strive to improve,* by that same do it prove: like those that by arguing

* Improve: disprove.

themselves to be without all reason, by the very arguing show how they have some. For, how can what is wholly mortal more think upon, consider, or know that which is immortal, than the eye can know sounds, or the ear discern of colours? If none had eyes, who would ever dispute of light or shadow? And if all were deaf, who would descant of music? To thee nothing in this visible world is comparable: thou art so wonderful a beauty, and so beautiful a wonder, that if but once thou couldst be gazed upon by bodily eyes, every heart would be inflamed with thy love, and ravished from all servile baseness and earthly desires. Thy being depends not on matter; hence by thine understanding dost thou dive into the being of every other thing; and therein art so pregnant, that nothing by place, similitude, subject, time, is so conjoined, which thou canst not separate; as what neither is, nor any ways can exist, thou canst feign and give an abstract being unto. Thou seemest a world in thyself, containing heaven, stars, seas, earth, floods, mountains, forests, and all that lives: yet rests thou not satiate with what is in thyself, nor with all in the wide universe (because thou knowest their defects), until thou raise thyself to the contemplation of that first illuminating Intelligence, far above time, and even reaching eternity itself, into which thou art transformed; for, by receiving, thou, beyond all other things, art made that which thou receivest.* The more thou

* How deeply Drummond was influenced by the Platonic philosophy is manifest in this address to the soul. The "first illuminating Intelligence" is the source from whence the soul proceeds, as light proceeds from the

knowest the more apt thou art to know, not being amated * with any object that excelleth in predominance, as sense by objects sensible. Thy will is uncompellable, resisting force, daunting necessity, despising danger, triumphing over affliction, unmoved by pity, and not constrained by all the toils and disasters of life. What the arts-master of this universe is in governing this universe, thou art in the body; and as he is wholly in every part of it, so art thou wholly in every part of the body: † like unto a mirror, every

sun, and to which it ultimately returns; and in which being established, it contemplates that which is beyond Intellect, viz., the One itself. For this, says Plotinus, "is the true end to the soul, to come into contact with His light, and to behold Him through it; not by the light of another thing, but to perceive that very thing itself through which it sees." Compare also the following passage from Proclus (*On the Timæus*, Book I.): "Man is a microcosm, and all such things subsist in him partially as the world contains divinely and totally. For there is an intellect in us which is in energy, and a rational soul proceeding from the same father and the same vivific Goddess, as the soul of the universe; also an ethereal vehicle analogous to the heavens, and a terrestrial body derived from the four elements."

* Amated: associated.

† Every incorporeal nature, such as intellect and soul, is impartible, without magnitude, and has no subsistence in place. Hence it is everywhere totally present. Nor is that soul which animates the body of a certain man separate from the *one* soul; since the one soul contains in itself all souls, distinct, but without division. For the one is many, and the many are one. But see Plotinus, *Ennead* VI., 4.

small parcel of which apart doth represent and do the same, what the whole did entire and together. By thee man is that Hymen of eternal and mortal things, that chain, together binding unbodied and bodily substances, without which the goodly fabric of this world were unperfect. Thou hast not thy beginning from the fecundity, power, nor action of the elemental qualities, being an immediate masterpiece of that great Maker: hence hast thou the forms and figures of all things imprinted in thee from thy first original.* Thou only at once art capable of contraries: † of the three parts of time thou makest but one; thou knowest thyself so separate, absolute, and diverse an essence from thy body, that thou disposest of it as it pleaseth thee, for in thee there is no passion so weak which mastereth not the fear of leaving it. Thou shouldst be so far from repining at this separation, that it should be the chief of thy desires; sith it is the passage and means to attain thy perfection and happiness. Thou art here, but as in an infected and leprous inn, plunged in a flood of humours, oppressed with cares, suppressed with ignorance, defiled and distained with vice, retrograde in the course of virtue; small things seem here great unto thee, and great things small, folly appeareth wisdom and wisdom folly. Freed of thy fleshly care, thou shalt rightly discern the beauty of thyself, and have perfect fruition

* The intelligible world, which is real being, is the true home and source of the soul; and it contains those forms of which the forms in the sensible universe are but the images or reflections.

† Thus, in the *Timæus*, soul is said to be composed of *same*, *different*, and *essence*.

of that all-sufficient and all-sufficing happiness, which is God Himself: to whom thou owest thy being, to Him thou owest thy well being; He and happiness are the same.* For, if God had not happiness, He were not God, because happiness is the highest and greatest good: if then God have happiness, it can not be a thing differing from Him, for, if there were anything in Him differing from Him, He should be an essence composed and not simple. More, what is differing in anything, is either an accident or a part of itself: in God happiness can not be an accident, because He is not subject to any accidents; if it were a part of Him (since the part is before the whole) we should be forced to grant that something was before God. Bedded and bathed in these earthly ordures, thou canst not come near this sovereign Good, nor have any glimpse of the far-off dawning of his unaccessible brightness, no, not so much as the eyes of the birds of the night have of the sun. Think then, by death that thy shell is broken, and thou then but even hatched; that thou art a pearl, raised from thy mother, to be enchased in gold, and that the deathday of thy body is thy birthday to eternity.

* Compare Pico's definition of happiness, which is truly Platonic:—"Felicitatem ego sic definio, reditum uniuscujusque rei ad suum principium. Felicitas enim est summum bonum; summum bonum, id est, quod omnia appetunt; quod autem omnia appetunt, id ipsum est, quod omnium est principium. . . . Idem igitur finis omnium quod omnium principium, Deus unus omnipotens et benedictus" (Pico della Mirandola, *Heptaplus*, Lib. VII.).

Why shouldst thou be fear-stricken and discomforted for thy parting from this mortal bride, thy body; sith it is but for a time, and such a time as she shall not care for, nor feel anything in, nor thou have much need of her; nay, sith thou shalt receive her again more goodly and beautiful than when in her fullest perfection thou enjoyed her; being by her absence made like unto that Indian crystal, which after some revolutions of ages is turned into purest diamond?* If the soul be the form of the body, and the form separated from the matter of it can not ever so continue, but is inclined and disposed to be reunited thereinto; what can let and hinder this desire, but that some time it be accomplished, and obtaining the expected end, rejoin itself again unto the

* After the sublime Platonism of the preceding paragraph, it is rather disappointing to find Drummond supporting a dogma so grossly materialistic as that of the ultimate reunion of soul and body—a dogma too, which directly contradicts much that he has already said. But the attempt to reconcile two opposite systems leads inevitably to inconsistency. Compare Plotinus (*Ennead* III., 6):—"Sense is alone the employment of the dormant soul; since as much of the soul as is merged in body, so much of it sleeps. But true wakefulness is a true resurrection from, and not together with, body. For indeed a resurrection with body is a transmigration from sleep to sleep, as of one going from bed to bed; but the true resurrection is that which is wholly apart from bodies. For these possessing a nature contrary to soul, have also that which is contrary to essence. And this also is testified by their generation, their flowing and corruption; all which are foreign to the nature of real being."

body? * The soul separate hath a desire, because it hath a will, and knoweth it shall by this reunion receive perfection: too, as the matter is disposed, and inclineth to its form when it is without it,† so would it seem that the form should be towards its matter in the absence of it. How is not the soul the form of the body, sith by it it is, sith it is the beginning and cause of all the actions and functions of the body? For though in excellency it pass every other form, yet doth not that excellency take from it the nature of a form. If the abiding of the soul from the body be violent, then can it not be everlasting, but have a regress. How is not such an estate of being and abiding not violent to the soul, if it be natural to it to be in its matter, and, separate, after a strange manner, many of the powers and faculties of it, which never leave it, are not duly exercised? This union

* It is not well said that soul is the form of the body, since the form which is in body does not partake of real being, but is a reflection only of intelligible form. As the artist, looking to the idea within his mind, imparts to his canvas forms which are the image or reflection of that idea; so also soul, looking to intellect, imparts to matter forms which are the reflection of those which it there perceives. But as real being is characterised by eternal stability, so matter, which is non-being, is characterised by infinite change: hence the forms in matter are apparent only, and continually changing. For the rest of Drummond's sentence it must be said, that so long as the soul desires to be reunited to body, nothing can hinder the accomplishment of its desire.

† It is evident, on the contrary, that matter flies from form; otherwise, form in matter would be stable, and not liable to corruption.

seemeth not above the horizon of natural reason, far less impossible to be done by God; and though reason can not evidently here demonstrate, yet hath she a misty and groping notice. If the body shall not arise, how can the only and sovereign Good be perfectly and infinitely good? For, how shall He be just, nay, have so much justice as man, if He suffer the evil and vicious to have a more prosperous and happy life than the followers of religion and virtue, which ordinarily useth to fall forth in this life? For the most wicked are Lords and Gods of this earth, sleeping in the lee port of honour, as if the spacious habitation of the world had been made only for them; and the virtuous and good are but forlorn castaways, floating in the surges of distress, seeming here either of the eye of Providence not pitied or not regarded; being subject to all dishonours, wrongs, wracks; in their best estate passing away their days, like the daisies in the field, in silence and contempt.* Sith then He is most good, most just, of necessity there must be appointed by Him another time and place of retribution, in the which there shall be a reward for living well, and a punishment for doing evil, with a life whereinto both shall receive their due, and not only in their souls

* The Platonists, referring this to the doctrine of reincarnation, assert that either such evils are the result of actions in a previous life, or that they are not in fact evils, but only in seeming, since sorrow is oftentimes the cause of good to the soul. But, as Plato says, the man who earnestly endeavours to follow justice and a virtuous life is never at any time neglected by the Gods.

divested; for, sith both the parts of man did act a part in the right or wrong, it carrieth great reason with it that they both (entire man) be arraigned before that high justice, to receive their own: man is not a soul only, but a soul and body, to which either guerdon or punishment is due.* This seemeth to be the voice of nature in almost all the religions of the world; this is that general testimony, charactered in the minds of the most barbarous and savage people; for all have had some roving guesses at ages to come, and a glow-worm light of another life, all appealing to one general judgment throne. To what else could serve so many expiations, sacrifices, prayers, solemnities, and mystical ceremonies? To what such sumptuous temples, and care of the dead? To what all religion, if not to show that they expected a more excellent manner of being, after the navigation of this life did take an end? And who doth deny it, must deny that there is a Providence, a God; confess that his worship, and all study and reason of virtue are vain; and not believe that there is a world, are creatures, and that he himself is not what he is.

But it is not of death, perhaps, that we complain, but of time, under the fatal shadow of whose wings all things decay and wither. This is that tyrant, which, executing against us his diamantine laws,

* It is better, however, to say with Plotinus, that soul is the man himself, and that body is the instrument of soul. But until the soul has freed itself from the ties which attach it to body (which, say the Platonists, is by no means accomplished by death), it must return to body, and there receive its "guerdon or punishment."

altereth the harmonious constitution of our bodies, benumbing the organs of our knowledge, turneth our best senses senseless, makes us loathsome to others, and a burthen to ourselves ; of which evils death relieveth us. So that, if we could be transported (O happy colony !) to a place exempted from the laws and conditions of time, where neither change, motion, nor other affection of material and corruptible things were, but an immortal, unchangeable, impassible, all-sufficient kind of life, it were the last of things wishable, the term and centre of all our desires.* Death maketh this transplantation ; for the last instant of corruption, or leaving-off of anything to be what it was, is the first of generation, or being of that which succeedeth. Death then, being the end of this miserable transitory life, of necessity must be the beginning of that other all excellent and eternal: and so causelessly of a virtuous soul it is either feared or complained on.

As those images were limned in my mind (the morning star now almost arising in the east) I found my thoughts in a mild and quiet calm ; and not long after, my senses one by one forgetting their uses, began to give themselves over to rest, leaving me in a still and peaceable sleep ; if sleep it may be called, where the mind awaking is carried with free wings from out fleshly bondage. For heavy lids had not long covered their lights, when methought,

* This is the intelligible world, the true home and parent of the soul. But how did Drummond think to take thither the body, which, being generated in time, is subject to the laws of time, and must therefore, as he says, "decay and wither" ?

nay, sure I was, where I might discern all in this great All; the large compass of the rolling circles, the brightness and continual motion of those rubies of the night, which, by their distance, here below can not be perceived; the silver countenance of the wandering moon, shining by another's light; the hanging of the earth, as environed with a girdle of crystal; the sun enthronized in the midst of the planets, eye of the heavens, gem of this precious ring the world. But whilst with wonder and amazement I gazed on those celestial splendours, and the beaming lamps of that glorious temple (like a poor countryman brought from his solitary mountains and flocks, to behold the magnificence of some great city), there was presented to my sight a man, as in the spring of his years, with that self-same grace, comely feature, majestic look, which the late —— was wont to have:* on whom I had no sooner fixed mine eyes, when, like one planet-struck, I became amazed: but he, with a mild demeanour, and voice surpassing all human sweetness, appeared, methought, to say:

What is it doth thus pain and perplex thee? Is it the remembrance of death, the last period of wretchedness, and entry to these happy places; the lantern which lighteneth men to see the mystery of the blessedness of spirits, and that glory which transcendeth the curtain of things visible? Is thy fortune below on that dark globe (which scarce by the smallness of it

* Drummond's allusion is probably to Henry, Prince of Wales, the "Mœliades" of his elegy. It is he same in the first edition, 1623.

appeareth here) so great, that thou art heart-broken and dejected to leave it? What if thou wert to leave behind thee a ——* so glorious in the eye of the world (yet but a mote of dust encircled with a pond) as that of mine, so loving ——,† such great hopes? These had been apparent occasions of lamenting, and but apparent. Dost thou think thou leavest life too soon? Death is best young; things fair and excellent are not of long endurance upon earth. Who liveth well, liveth long: souls most beloved of their Maker are soonest relieved from the bleeding cares of life, and with almost a spherical swiftness wafted through the surges of human miseries. Opinion (that great enchantress and peiser‡ of things, not as they are, but as they seem) hath not in anything more than in the conceit of death abused man; who must not measure himself, and esteem his estate, after his earthly being, which is but as a dream: for, though he be born on the earth, he is not born for the earth, more than the embryon for the mother's womb. It plaineth to be relieved of its bands, and to come to the light of this world, and man waileth to be loosed from the chains with which he is fettered in that valley of vanities: it nothing knoweth whither it is to go, nor ought of the beauty of the visible works of God, neither doth man of the magnificence of the intellectual world above, unto which (as by a midwife) he is directed by death. Fools, which think that this fair and admirable frame, so variously disposed, so rightly marshalled, so strongly maintained, enriched with so

* Kingdom? † Subjects?

‡ Peiser: weigher; poiser.

many excellencies, not only for necessity, but for ornament and delight, was by that Supreme Wisdom brought forth, that all things in a circulary course should be and not be, arise and dissolve, and thus continue, as if they were so many shadows carelessly cast out and caused by the encountering of those superior celestial bodies, changing only their fashion and shape, or fantastical imageries, or shades of faces into crystal. But more [fools] they, which believe that He doth no otherwise regard this His work than as a theatre, raised for bloody sword-players, wrestlers, chasers of timorous and combatters of terrible beasts, delighting in the daily torments, sorrows, distress and misery of mankind. No, no, the eternal Wisdom created man an excellent creature, though he fain would unmake himself and return into nothing; and though he seek his felicity among the reasonless wights, He hath fixed it above. He brought him into this world as a master to a sumptuous, well-ordered, and furnished inn, a prince to a populous and rich empery, a pilgrim and spectator to a stage full of delightful wonders and wonderful delights. And as some emperor or great monarch, when he hath raised any stately city, the work being achieved, is wont to set his image in the midst of it, to be admired and gazed upon; no otherwise did the sovereign of this world, the fabric of it perfected, place man, a great miracle, formed to His own pattern, in the midst of this spacious and admirable city, by the divine splendour of his reason to be an interpreter and trunchman * of His creation, and admired

* Trunchman: perhaps one who holds the truncheon, as a symbol of command.

and reverenced by all His other creatures. God containeth all in Him, as the beginning of all; Man containeth all in him, as the midst of all; inferior things be in man more nobly than they exist, superior things more meanly; celestial things favour him, earthly things are vassaled unto him, he is the knot and band of both; neither is it possible but that both of them have peace with man, if man have peace with Him who made the covenant between them and him.* He was made that he might in the glass of the world behold the infinite goodness, power, magnificence, and glory of his Maker, and beholding know, and knowing love, and loving enjoy, and to hold the earth of Him as of his Lord paramount, never ceasing to remember and praise Him. It exceedeth the compass of conceit, to think that that wisdom which made everything so orderly in the parts, should make a confusion in the whole, and the chief masterpiece; how bringing forth so many excellencies for man, it should bring forth man for baseness and misery. And no less strange were it

* This is borrowed from the *Heptaplus* of Pico della Mirandola, Lib. V. :—"Est autem hæc diversitas inter Deum et hominem, quod Deus in se omnia continet, uti omnium principium, homo autem in se omnia continet uti omnium medium, quo sit ut in Deo sint omnia meliore nota quam in seipsis, in homine inferiora nobiliori sint conditione, superiora autem degenerent. . . . Homini mancipantur terrestria, homini favent cœlestia, quia et cœlestium et terrestrium vinculum et nodus est; nec possunt utraque hæc non habere cum eo pacem, si modo ipse secum pacem habuerit, qui illorum in seipso pacem et fœdera sancit."

that so long life should be given to trees, beasts, and the birds of the air, creatures inferior to man, which have less use of it, and which cannot judge of this goodly fabric, and that it should be denied to man; unless there were another manner of living prepared for him, in a place more noble and excellent.

But, alas! said I, had it not been better that for the good of his country a——,* endued with so many peerless gifts, had yet lived upon earth? How long will ye, replied he, like the ants, think there are no fairer palaces than their hills; or like to purblind moles, no greater light than that little which they shun? As if the master of a camp knew when to remove a sentinel, and He who placeth man on the earth knew not how long He had need of him? Life is a government and office, wherein man is so long continued as it pleaseth the installer; of the administration and charge of which, and what hath passed during the time of his residence, he must render an account, so soon as his term expireth, and he hath made room for others. As men's bodies differ in stature, which none can make more long or short after their desire, so do they vary in that length of time which is appointed for them to live upon the earth. That Providence which prescribeth causes to every event, hath not only determined a definite and certain number of days, but of actions, to all men, which they cannot go beyond.

Most —— then, answered I, death is not such an evil and pain as it is of the vulgar esteemed. Death, said he, nor painful is nor evil, except in contem-

* Prince?

plation of the cause,* being of itself as indifferent as birth; yet can it not be denied, but amidst those dreams of earthly pleasures, the uncouthness of it, with the wrong apprehension of what is unknown in it, are noisome: but the soul sustained by its Maker, resolved, and calmly retired in itself, doth find that death, sith it is in a moment of time, is but a short, nay, sweet sigh; and is not worthy the remembrance, compared with the smallest dram of the infinite felicity of this place. Here is the palace royal of the Almighty King, in which the uncomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himself; in place highest, in substance not subject to any corruption or change, for it is above all motion, and solid turneth not; in quantity greatest, for if one star, one sphere, be so vast, how large, how huge in exceeding dimensions, must those bounds be which do them all contain! In quality most pure and orient, heaven here is all but a sun, or the sun all but a heaven. If to earthlings the footstool of God, and that stage which He raised for a small course of time, seemeth so glorious and magnificent, how highly would they prize (if they could see) His eternal habitation and throne! And if these be so dazzling, what is the sight of Him, for whom and by whom all was created; of whose glory to behold the thousand thousand part, the most pure intelligences are fully satiate, and with wonder and delight rest amazed; for the beauty of His light and the light of His beauty are uncomprehensible. Here

* This cause being the descent of the soul into generation, or, in other words, the fall and expulsion from Paradise.

doth that earnest appetite of the understanding content itself, not seeking to know any more; for it seeth before it, in the vision of the divine essence (a mirror in the which not images or shadows, but the true and perfect essence of every thing created, is more clear and conspicuous than in itself), all that is known or understood: * and whereas on earth our senses show us the Creator by His creatures, here we see the creatures by the Creator. Here doth the will pause itself, as in the centre of its eternal rest, glowing with a fervent affection of that infinite and all-sufficient Good; which, being fully known, cannot (for the infinite motives and causes of love which are in Him) but be fully and perfectly loved: as He is only true and essential bounty, so is He only essential and true beauty, deserving alone all love and admiration, by which the creatures are only in so much fair and excellent, as they participate of his beauty and excelling excellencies. Here is a blessed company, every one joying as much in another's felicity, as in that which is proper, because each seeth another equally loved of God: thus their distinct joys are no fewer than the copartners of the joy; and as the assembly is in number answerable to the large capacity of the place, so are the joys answerable to the numberless number of the assembly. No poor and pitiful mortal, confined on the globe of earth, who hath never seen but sorrow, or interchangeably some painted superficial pleasures, and had but guesses of contentment, can rightly think on, or be

* This again is the Platonic doctrine: intellect, looking to the divine essence (viz. the intelligible), sees there the paradigms of all things.

sufficient to conceive, the termless delights of this place. So many feathers move not on birds, so many birds dint not the air, so many leaves tremble not on trees, so many trees grow not in the solitary forests, so many waves turn not in the ocean, and so many grains of sand limit not those waves; as this triumphant court hath variety of delights, and joys exempted from all comparison. Happiness at once here is fully known and fully enjoyed, and as infinite in continuance as extent. Here is flourishing and never-fading youth without age, strength without weakness, beauty never blasting, knowledge without learning, abundance without loathing, peace without disturbance, participation without envy, rest without labour, light without rising or setting sun, perpetuity without moments; for time (which is the measure of motion) did never enter in this shining eternity. Ambition, disdain, malice, difference of opinions, cannot approach this place, resembling those foggy mists which cover those lists of sublunary things. All pleasure, paragoned with what is here, is pain, all mirth mourning, all beauty deformity: here one day's abiding is above the continuing in the most fortunate estate on the earth many years, and sufficient to countervail the extremest torments of life. But, although this bliss of souls be great, and their joys many, yet shall they admit addition, and be more full and perfect, at that long wished and general reunion with their bodies.

Amongst all the wonders of the great Creator, not one appeareth to be more wonderful, nor more dazzle the eye of reason, replied I, than that our bodies should arise, having suffered so many changes,

and nature denying a return from privation to a habit.

Such power, said he, being above all that that the understanding of man can conceive, may well work such wonders; for, if man's understanding could comprehend all the secrets and counsels of that eternal Majesty, it would of necessity be equal unto it. The Author of nature is not thralled to the laws of nature, but worketh with them, or contrary to them, as it pleaseth Him: what He hath a will to do, He hath power to perform. To that power which brought all this round All from nought, to bring again in one instant any substance which ever was into it, unto what it was once, should not be thought impossible; for, who can do more, can do less; and His power is no less, after that which was by Him brought forth is decayed and vanished, than it was before it was produced; being neither restrained to certain limits or instruments, or to any determinate and definite manner of working: where the power is without restraint, the work admitteth no other limits than the worker's will.* This world is as a cabinet to God, in which the small things (however to us hid and secret) are nothing less keeped than the great. For, as He was wise and powerful to create, so doth

* All this, however, is not to the point, for the objection lies, not in the impossibility of reassembling the scattered atoms of the body, but in the irrationality of binding the body in eternity to the soul. The soul indeed employs its energies in time, but its essence is eternal; whereas the body, being generated in time, is necessarily also in time corrupted, and its very nature is continual change.

His knowledge comprehend His own creation; yea, every change and variety in it, of which it is the very source. Not any atom of the scattered dust of mankind, though daily flowing under new forms, is to Him unknown; and His knowledge doth distinguish and discern what once His power shall awake and raise up. Why may not the arts-master of the world, like a moulder, what he hath framed in divers shapes, confound in one mass, and then severally fashion them again out of the same? Can the spagyric by his art restore for a space to the dry and withered rose the natural purple and blush; and cannot the Almighty raise and refine the body of man, after never so many alterations in the earth? Reason herself finds it more possible for infinite power to cast out from itself a finite world, and restore anything in it, though decayed and dissolved, to what it was first; than for man, a finite piece of reasonable misery, to change the form of matter made to his hand: the power of God never brought forth all it can, for then were it bounded, and no more infinite. That time doth approach (O haste ye times away!) in which the dead shall live, and the living be changed, and of all actions the guerdon is at hand: then shall there be an end without an end, time shall finish, and place shall be altered, motion yielding unto rest, and another world of an age eternal and unchangeable shall arise. Which when he had said, methought, he vanished, and I all astonished did awake.

NOTES

NOTES TO VOLUME II.

FLOWERS OF SION.

The Book of the World (p. 6).

Translated from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, Venice, 1602 : Part I., p. 178) :—

"Se di questo volume ampio le carte,
Che mondo ha nome, e 'n cui chiaro si legge
Del Autor, che 'l compose, e che 'l corregge,
L'alto saver, la providentia, e l'arte,
Volgesse altri con studio : a parte a parte
La 'nfinita bontà, l'eterna legge
Impareria di lui, che tutto regge,
Quasi ascose dottrine in lor consparte.
Ma l'huom de' fregi suoi purpurei, e d'oro,
Qual semplice fanciul, che nulla intende,
S'arresta sol nel publico lavoro,
E dele note sue non ben comprende
Gli occulti sensi : e de' secreti loro
(Vaneggiante, ch' egli è) cura non prende."

The Miserable Estate of the World, &c. (p. 7).

Lines 9–14 allude to the vulgar belief that the ancient oracles ceased with the birth of Jesus. Compare the beautiful verses on the same subject in Milton's *Hymn to the Nativity*. The belief was, of course,

erroneous ; the oracles, from whatever cause, decayed gradually, but were not altogether extinct till about the fourth century. Maximus Tyrius, who wrote in the latter part of the second century, mentions several oracles as existing in his time, among them the famous oracles of Delphi and Dodona (*Dissert.* XXVI.).

FOR THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD (p. 8).

Translated from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 190) :—

"Felice notte, ond' a noi nasce il giorno
Di cui mai più sereno altro non fue,
Che fra gli horrori, e sotto l'ombre tue
Copri quel Sol, ch' al' altro Sol fa scorno.
Felici voi, che 'n povero soggiorno,
Pigro asinello, e mansueto bue,
Al pargoletto Dio le membre sue
State a scaldar co' dolci fiati intorno.
Felici voi, degnate a tanti honori,
Aride herbette, e rustica cappanna,
Ch' aprir vedete a mezo 'l verno i fiori.
Così diceano a suon di roza canna
Innanzi al gran bambin chini i pastori,
E sudò l'elce e 'l pin nettare e manna."

FOR THE PRODIGAL (p. 10).

Translated from the following sonnet by Marino (*Rime*, Part I., p. 200) :—

"Cangiai contrada, e 'n procurar diletto
Altronde, unqua non hebbi altro ch' affanno,
Volgendo in signoria d'empio tiranno
I dolci imperi del paterno affetto.

Di ricche mense, e piume, e d'aureo tetto,
D'accorti servi in vece (ahi duolo, ahi danno !)
Questi, ch' io guardo, hor compagnia mi fanno,
E son herbe il mio cibo, e sassi il letto.
Hor, che la dura fame e 'l giogo io sento,
Torno, Padre e Signor: tua pietà grande
Scusi le colpe, ond' io mi lagno e pento.
Così la 've gran quercia i rami spande
Pensava il garzon folle: e 'l sozzo armento
Udia da presso ruminar le ghiande."

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, IGNORANCE, &c. (p. 25).

This very beautiful sonnet is a translation from Marino, and an expression of the most mystic moods both of the Italian poet and of his Scottish imitator. The original is as follows (*Rime*, Part I., p. 159):—

"Sotto caliginose ombre profonde
Di luce inaccessibile sepolti,
Tra nembi di silentio oscuri, e folti,
L'eterna Mente i suoi secreti asconde.
E s'altri spia per queste nebbie immonde
I suoi giudici in nero velo avolti,
Gli humani ingegni temerari, e stolti,
Col lampo abbaglia, e col suo tuon confonde.
O invisibil Sol, ch' a noi ti celi
Dentro l' abisso luminoso, e fosco,
E de' tuoi propri rai te stesso veli;
Argo * mi fai, dov' io son cieco e losco,
Nela mia notte il tuo splendor riveli,
Quanto t' intendo men, più ti conosco.

* *Argo: i.e.*, hundred-eyed, like Argus.

The reader will be interested to compare the following beautiful extract from Damascius (Περὶ ἀρχῶν), quoted in Taylor's Introduction to the *Parmenides* of Plato :—

"This highest God is seen afar off as it were obscurely; and if you approach nearer, he is beheld still more obscurely; and lastly, he takes away the ability of perceiving other objects. He is, therefore, truly an incomprehensible and inaccessible light, and is profoundly compared to the sun: upon which the more attentively you look, the more you will be darkened and blinded; and will only bring back with you eyes stupefied with excess of light."

The Blessedness of Faithful Souls by Death (p. 31).

By ruining the jail (line 6). The "jail" is the body, in which we are placed "as in a certain prison" (Plato's *Phædo*).

An Hymn of True Happiness (p. 32).

That, if sense saw her gleams, All lookers-on would pine and die for love (lines 101, 102). Drummond had doubtless in his mind the following passage from the *Phædrus:* "For sight is the most acute of all our corporeal senses; though even through this, wisdom cannot be perceived. If indeed it could, what vehement love would it excite, by presenting to the eye some perspicuous image of itself!"

This poem is a beautiful epitome of Drummond's ethics.

AN HYMN OF THE FAIREST FAIR (p. 36).

In this beautiful hymn Drummond again combines the phantasy of a poet with the exaltation of a philosopher, in a manner interesting, but not altogether convincing. The picturesque imagery and graceful versification will at once appeal to every reader of poetic susceptibility; but in substance the poem is an attempt to reconcile two things in their nature irreconcilable—the theology of Plato and that of the Christian Church.

From deep eternity who called forth time (line 4). Together with the universe, the Demiurgus generates Time, as a flowing image of Eternity, adapted to the flowing condition of generated natures. See Plato's *Timæus*.

That essence which not mòv'd makes each thing move (line 5) is properly Intellect (Νοῦς), the second of the three hypostases, or principles of all things; since the first, or the One, is superessential; and the third principle is Soul (Ψυχή), which is self-motive. Intellect is the Creator, the "Fairest Fair" of the poet. "With respect to all beings, it is necessary that some should move or be motive only, and that others should be moved only; and that between these there should be two mediums, the self-motive natures, and those which move and at the same time are moved. Now, that which is motive only, and consequently essentially immovable, is Intellect, which possesses both its essence and energy in eternity; the whole intelligence of which is firmly established in indivisible union, and which through a cause prior to itself participates of deific illumination. . . . But

that which is self-motive is Soul, which, on account of possessing its energy in transition and a mutation of life, requires the circulations of time to the perfection of its nature, and depends on Intellect as a more ancient and consequently superior cause. But that which moves and is at the same time moved is Nature, or that corporeal life which is distributed about body, and confers generation, nutrition, and increase to its fluctuating essence. And lastly, that which is moved only is Body, which is naturally passive, imbecile, and inert" (Taylor's Introduction to the *Timæus*).

World-containing King (line 13). The Demiurgic Intellect creates, not by a reasoning process, but by its very essence: it therefore produces that which is similar to itself, and contains in itself the paradigms of the things that are generated.

Lines 17–98, and 163–180, relate to the Intelligible World, which Drummond allegorises in language more poetical than philosophical. Lines 113–146, upon the Trinity, are tinged, but tinged only, with Platonism. For the intelligible triad of the Platonists (viz., Being, Life, and Intellect) has no real analogy with the Christian Trinity, since it is a triad posterior to the First Cause. Nor is the Trinity analogous, as some have supposed, to the three hypostases of Plotinus—the One, Intellect, and Soul; since the One, being superessential, cannot be consubsistent with Intellect and Soul.

Intellectual powers. . . . In numbers passing other creatures far (lines 165–168). The intelligible world contains, indeed, multitude, since there abide the ideas, or archetypal causes of things; but it contains

multitude in union, since it is the first emanation from the One Itself, and nearest to the nature of the One. Hence Plotinus says of the Gnostics: "Denominating the intelligible multitude, they fancy that they have accurately discovered its nature; though, at the same time, by the multitude which they introduce, they draw down the intelligible nature into a similitude with that which is sensible and subordinate. But it is necessary to consider intelligible multitude as subsisting according to the least possible number."

Rest ravished with still beholding thee (line 178). Drummond confuses the Demiurgic Intellect with the first cause, which is beyond intellect and beyond essence. Here it is Intellect which beholds the One. For, says Plotinus, "it is necessary that intellect should look to the highest God, in order that it may be intellect. . . . But the vision itself is intellect; for that which apprehends another thing is either sense or intellect."

Low under them, &c. (lines 181–186). This conception of Nature is generally in accord with the Platonic doctrine. Nature is placed between soul and body, is inseparable from body, and is therefore "the last of the causes which fabricate this corporeal-formed and sensible essence. And she is a goddess indeed, in consequence of being deified; but she has not immediately the subsistence of a deity. For we call divine bodies Gods, as being the statues of Gods. But she governs the whole world by her powers, containing the heavens indeed in the summit of herself, but ruling over generation through the heavens, and everywhere weaving together partial

natures with wholes" (Proclus's *Commentaries on the Timæus*, Book I.).

Heart of this All, &c. (lines 225–226). The sun is the heart of the solar system, as the source of its life. But compare what Socrates in the *Republic* (Book VI.) says of the sun: that it is "the offspring of the Good, which the Good generates, analogous to itself; and that what this is in the intelligible place, with respect to intellect, and the objects of intellect, that the sun is in the visible place with respect to sight and visible things."

Or, dotard, shall I so from reason swerve, &c. (lines 251–257). This arrogant opinion is directly contrary to the doctrine of Plato; nor is it consonant with reason to suppose that the heavenly bodies are moved by souls inferior to those which animate our own bodies. See Plato's *Laws*, Book X.

Whole and entire, all in thyself thou art, All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no part (lines 285–286). This conception is truly Platonic. Compare Plotinus (*Ennead*, VI. 5, c. 4): "Survey, therefore, if you are willing, this God [*i.e.*, truly existing being], which we say does not so subsist as to be present in one place and not present in another, but is everywhere equally present. For it is acknowledged by all men who have a conception of the Gods, that not only this God, but likewise all the Gods, are everywhere present; and reason says it is necessary that this should be admitted. If, therefore, Divinity is everywhere, it is not possible that this could be the case if he were distributed into parts: for thus he would no longer be everywhere; but of his parts, one would be in this place, but another in that. Thus, however, he will

no longer be one thing. . . . If, however, these things are impossible, again, that which may appear to be incredible will be manifest, viz., that in all human nature it must be admitted that Divinity is simultaneously present, and that the same thing exists everywhere an undivided whole" (Taylor's Translation).

Here, where, as in a mirror, we but see Shadows of shadows (lines 330–331). This sentence seems to have been suggested by Plotinus. Compare *Ennead*, III. 6, c. 7: The forms which appear to exist in matter are "empty shows, shadows in a shadow, just as in a mirror the object appears to be there, which is indeed elsewhere." And lastly, compare with this paragraph of the poem the following passage from *Ennead*, V. 5, c. 10: "For from Him all things proceed: from Him is first motion, but not in Him; from Him station, for that He needed it not. He is neither moved nor at rest, for He has nothing wherein He may either rest or be moved."

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT (p. 50).

Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for hell, &c. (lines 359–363). This passage certainly seems to point to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. But Drummond was so far superior to the cruel bigotry of his countrymen; his religion, even when most orthodox, was usually so hopeful and humane, that I think we may fairly look for some less incongruous interpretation. Thus, "prepared" may perhaps be taken in the sense of self-prepared; while "chosen out" (line 362) does not necessarily imply *pre*-elec-

tion. After all, the whole poem is rather a play of the phantasy than a serious allegory.

On the Report of the Death of the Author (p. 66).

These verses, by Alexander, and the beautiful sonnet by Drummond immediately following them, undoubtedly belong to the year 1620, in which year Drummond suffered a long and serious illness.

The words "sacred cares," in Drummond's sonnet (line 5), refer to the translation of the Psalms which King James and Alexander were executing in partnership, and which was published at Oxford in 1631, under the title of *The Psalms of King David, translated by King James.*

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF KING CHARLES (p. 73).

The occasion of this pageant was the entry of King Charles into "his ancient and royal city of Edinburgh," on Saturday, the 15th of June 1633. It was his coronation visit; and its long deferment had given much discontent to his Scottish subjects. He was received, however, with lavish display. The words of the "Entertainment" were from the pen of Drummond, incontestably the first Scottish poet of the age; while the profuse decorations had been superintended by the most eminent Scottish painter then living, George Jamesone. On the following Tuesday the coronation was duly performed in the Church of Holyrood; and on Thursday, the 20th, the King opened Parliament in state.

The original text of this "Entertainment," reprinted in the Maitland Club edition of Drummond's Poems, appears to have been published without revision; and I have been obliged in some places to adopt the amended text of Edward Phillips's edition (London, 1656), in order to secure an intelligible reading.

Ancient worthies of Scotland for learning (p. 84). Sedulius, the first of these worthies, was a Christian priest and poet of the fifth century. Nothing is known of his life, nor is it at all certain that he was a Scot. Of the extant works of Sedulius, the principal is an heroic poem in five books, called *Paschale Carmen.*

Joannes Duns Scotus, the famous schoolman, known as the Doctor Subtilis. He died about 1308.

William Elphinstone (1431–1514), Bishop of Aberdeen, and founder of Aberdeen University.

Hector Boece (1465?–1536), a native of Dundee, who studied in Paris, and became the first Rector of Aberdeen University. His chief work was a *History of Scotland*, in Latin, published 1527.

John Major (1469–1550), historian and schoolman. His best known work was a *History of Greater Britain, both England and Scotland*, in Latin, published 1521.

Gawain Douglas (1475–1521), Bishop of Dunkeld, famous by his translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish heroics—the earliest English translation of Virgil.

Sir David Lindsay (1490–1555), one of the best of the earlier Scottish poets. He was employed about the person of James V., and greatly attached to him; in one of his poems, however, "he gives His Majesty

advice, and censures his numerous instances of misconduct, with incredible boldness and asperity" (*Warton*). Why did not Drummond follow so excellent an example!

George Buchanan (1506–1582), born at Killearn, in Stirlingshire, and studied in Paris. Celebrated as a writer of Latin verse. His last work, the *History of Scotland*, was published in 1582. He is less honourably remembered by the part which he took in relation to Mary Queen of Scots.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Sonnet to Sir W. Alexander (p. 103).

Doomsday is the most ambitious of Alexander's poems. As originally published, in 1614, it consisted of four books, in stanzas of eight lines; each book describing the events of a several hour of the Day of Judgment. It was subsequently completed in twelve books or hours, in which form it appeared in the collection of Alexander's poetical works, published in 1637 under the title of *Recreations with the Muses*. The first four lines of the sonnet refer to Alexander's *Monarchic Tragedies*, viz., *Darius*, *Crœsus*, *The Alexandrian*, and *Julius Cæsar;* published at various dates from 1603 to 1607.

To the Author [of Penardo and Laissa], Sonnet (p. 104).

Only two copies of this "famous history" are now known to exist, of which one is in the British

Museum. It is entitled *The First booke of the famous Historye of Penardo and Laissa, other ways callid the warres of Love and Ambitione. . . . Doone in Heroik verse.* Patrick Gordon was also the author of a History of King Robert Bruce, in heroic verse, of which the British Museum possesses copies of three editions.

ON THE BOOK [HEPTAMERON] (p. 106).

The title of the book to which these ingenious verses are prefixed is *Heptameron; the Seven Dayes: that is, Meditations and Prayers upon the Worke of the Lord's Creation.* The author, Archibald Symson, was minister at Dalkeith.

ON THESE LOCKS (p. 106).

For the elucidation of this sonnet also, it will be sufficient to quote the title of the book to which it is prefixed. *Samson's seaven Lockes of Haire: Allegorically expounded, and compared to the seaven Spirituall Vertues, whereby we are able to overcome our Spirituall Philistims* [*sic*]. *By M. A. Symson, Minister of the Euangell at Dalkeith.*

PARAINETICON (p. 107).

Prefixed to *Pallas Armata; or, Militarie Instructions for the Learned: And all generous Spirits, who affect the Profession of Armes.* By Sir Thomas Kellie: Edinburgh, 1627. The book itself is upon the exercise of infantry; but there is an address to the reader, wherein the author sheds tears of eloquence over the misfortunes of Elizabeth, Queen of

Bohemia, sister of Charles I., and calls upon his countrymen to rouse up their spirits, and take arms in her behalf; "or at least to dedicate yourselves to a daily understanding and exercise of arms at home." Drummond's verses were suggested by this exhortation, or *parainetícon*, of Kellie's.

But seek to reacquire your Pampelone (line 20). Pampeluna, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Navarre, was annexed to Spain, together with the southern portion of that kingdom, in 1512. The rest of Navarre was united to the French crown in 1589, when the King of Navarre became Henry IV. of France. Drummond intimates that, since Navarre was now a portion of France, the French would be better employed in re-establishing its ancient boundaries than in St. Bartholomew massacres and such-like atrocities.

OF THE BOOK [THE TRUE CRUCIFIXE] (p. 108).

The full title of the book is *The True Crucifixe for True Catholickes, or The Way for True Catholickes to have the True Crucifixe. By Sr. William Moore, Yo: of Rowallane, Knight.* Edinburgh, 1629. It is in verse, and consists, in great part, of an attack upon the Roman Catholics and "their antichristian crucifix." "My principal aim and purpose," says the author, in his address to the reader, "is to show that whosoever doth love to see the true portrait of Jesus Christ our Lord, must verse himself in holy Scripture, except he will choose to lie open to delusion."

The author, Sir William Mure the younger, of Rowallan, was one of the Covenanters of 1638, and

served with the Scottish army in England in 1644. His literary productiveness was considerable, although he published little. One of his unpublished works was a metrical version of the Psalms. "This Sir William was pious and learned, and had an excellent vaine in poyesie: he delyted much in building and planting. . . . He lived religiouslie, and died christianlie in the yeare of [his] age 63, and the yeare of [our] Lord 1657" (*Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallane:* Glasgow, 1825).

On the Death of Lady Jane Maitland (p. 109).

This poem of Drummond's is one of about fifty effusions in verse, by various hands, subjoined to the funeral sermon preached at the burial of Lady Jane Maitland, and published in 1633. The young lady whose early death evoked so many expressions of regret was the daughter of John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale. She was born on the 1st of October 1612, and died on the 8th of December 1631. Her body was interred in the burial-place of the Maitlands at Haddington. A sonnet to her memory will be found among Drummond's posthumous poems.

Of Person's Varieties (p. 110).

Prefixed to *Varieties: or, A Surveigh of rare and excellent matters, necessary and delectable for all sorts of persons. Wherein the principall Heads of diverse Sciences are illustrated, rare secrets of Naturall things unfoulded,* &c. . . . *By David Person, of Loghlands in Scotland, Gentleman.* London, 1635. This quaint

and not unentertaining work treats, as the title indicates, of many subjects. Amongst other things, it contains a treatise on alchemy, with full directions for making the philosopher's stone. On this account Drummond recommends the book to the Rosicrucians, among whose pursuits that of alchemy held a principal place. In one of the chapters relating to astronomy, Person remarks upon "the franticke and strange opinion of Copernicus," viz., that the earth moves round the sun.

A PASTORAL ELEGY (p. 113).

Sir Anthony Alexander, the subject of this elegy, was the second son of Drummond's old friend Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling since 1633. Sir Anthony died in London, on the 17th of September 1637; and his body, having been embalmed, was brought by sea to Scotland, and interred, by torchlight, in the church at Stirling. He had married a daughter of Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire, but died without issue.

The *Pastoral Elegy* was published in 1638, being the last of Drummond's poems which appeared during his life. Upon the whole, it is also the worst; for its sentiment is obviously forced, and the artificiality of the plan is nowhere redeemed by happy images or memorable lines. One conjectures that Drummond was but slightly acquainted with the young Alexander, and that he laboured this memorial as a duty imposed by his long friendship with the father. A certain resemblance to *Lycidas*,

which was published in the same year, will not fail to strike the reader; but Drummond's Pastoral is to Milton's immortal Monody as brass to purest gold. Professor Masson has pointed out, that while the shepherd who speaks in *Lycidas* is really Milton himself, Idmon can by no possibility be identified with Drummond, but is a purely fictitious character, a supposed fellow-swain of the dead Alcon, invented for the purpose of the poem.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

Of the posthumous poems, fifty-nine were printed for the first time in Edward Phillips's edition of the Poems of William Drummond, London, 1656. Two more poems, which Phillips wrongly attributed to Drummond, and included in his edition, are now omitted. These are (1) a Hymn by George Sandys, beginning "Saviour of mankind, Man Emanuel," which may be found at p. 167 of Sandys' *Relation of a Journey begun An. Dom.* 1610: London, 1615, fol.; and (2) a sonnet by Daniel (*To Delia*, LI.), beginning, "Cares charming Sleep, son of the sable night." A short commendatory poem, entitled *Clorus*, which appears in Phillips's edition, among other poems "to the author," has been printed as Drummond's in some later editions. It is obviously addressed to Drummond, and is probably by Sir William Alexander, to whom it has elsewhere been ascribed.

In addition to the poems previously printed, the folio edition of Drummond's collected works, published at Edinburgh in 1711, contains forty-two new poems,

many of them of doubtful authenticity. Besides these it includes, as Drummond's, an *Elegy on Gustavus Adolphus*, written by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester. Of the forty-two, twenty-one were new only in the sense of then first appearing in an edition of Drummond's works. These twenty-one include twenty translations of Catholic hymns, and a "macaronic" or dog-Latin poem, entitled *Polemo-Middinia inter Vitarvam et Nebernam;* which twenty-one I have placed in an appendix to the present edition, as being, in all likelihood, not by Drummond.

The remaining posthumous poems, with one exception, were first published from the Hawthornden MSS. by Mr. David Laing, in the fourth volume of *Archæologia Scotica*, Edinburgh, 1831. The one exception, a satire entitled *Lines on the Bishops*, appeared originally in the edition of Drummond's Poems printed for the Maitland Club in 1832.

As the posthumous poems have been very imperfectly classified hitherto, I have thought it desirable to adopt a new arrangement, and have distributed the whole under four headings, viz., *Sonnets*, *Miscellanies*, *Epitaphs*, and *Satires and Epigrams*. Each poem is referred in the notes to the publication in which it originally appeared.

SONNETS.

Nine of these sonnets appeared originally in Edward Phillips's edition of Drummond's Poems: viz.—*Ay me, and I am now; Comparison of his Thoughts to Pearls; Five Sonnets to Galatea; All Good hath left this*

Age; and *Doth then the World go thus*, with the appended *Reply*. The others were first printed in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv.

Sonetto (p. 121), and Sonetto del Bembo (p. 123).

I have placed these translations at the beginning of the present section, as they appear to have been written at an earlier date than any of the sonnets which here follow them. Mr. David Laing, who edited them from the Hawthornden MSS., pronounced them early works of Drummond's. The first *sonetto* (*O chiome*, &c.) is entitled by Drummond himself, "Sonnet qu' un Poet Italien fit pour un bracelet de cheveux, qui luy avoit esté donné par sa Maistresse" (*Arch. Scot.*, IV. p. 226, note). I have not been able to discover its author. The second (*Sonetto del Bembo*) is the fourth sonnet in the *Rime di Pietro Bembo*—the celebrated Cardinal Bembo (1470–1547).

To the Honourable Author, Sir John Skene (p. 130).

The following note is prefixed to this sonnet in *Archæologia Scotica*, IV. p. 100:—"This sonnet was addressed to Sir John Skene of Curriehill, Clerk Register, on the publication, probably, of his translation of the '*Regiam Majestatem:* The Auld Laws and Constitutions of Scotland,' &c., in 1609, although not found among the commendatory verses prefixed to that work."

SONNET [TO COLONEL HALKERSTON] (p. 131).

Colonel James Halkerston is described by Dempster (*Hist. Eccles. Gentis Scotorum*) as "a brave soldier and a learned man," who, having served with varying fortune in Germany, France, and Flanders, was at last reduced to extreme poverty. It is said that he actually died of want in the streets of London, in 1615 (*vide Arch. Scot.*, IV. p. 225, note). He was the author of some Latin epigrams published in *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, 1637.

SONNET ["FIRST IN THE ORIENT"] (p. 131).

The following note is prefixed to this sonnet in *Archæologia Scotica*, IV. p. 101 :—"This sonnet evidently alludes to the four 'Monarchicke Tragedies,' by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, on the subjects of Crœsus, Darius, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar; and probably was intended to have been prefixed to the edition printed at London in 1616 (the third edition), and consequently addressed to King James."

ALL GOOD HATH LEFT THIS AGE (p. 133).

This sonnet, as well as the following ("Doth then the world," &c.), is ascribed by Professor Masson to the last year of Drummond's life, 1649 (*Drummond of Hawthornden*, p. 444). But see the following note.

DOTH THEN THE WORLD GO THUS (p. 133).

Professor Masson finds in this, and in the preceding sonnet, expressions of the deep despondency which settled upon Drummond after the execution of King Charles. There is no reason for disputing the date which he assigns to them, and the first sonnet, at least, seems particularly applicable to those "most shameless times," as they would appear to the poet. But the despondency which glooms throughout the second sonnet is not Drummond's, inasmuch as the sonnet is a translation from Sanazzaro; and that Drummond by no means intended it as an indication of his own frame of mind, is evident from the verses entitled *A Reply*, which are appended to this sonnet in Phillips's and all subsequent editions. I subjoin the original of the sonnet, from the *Opere volgari di Jacopo Sanazzaro*, Padova, 1723: p. 342:—

"Così dunque va 'l mondo, O fere stelle?
Così giustizia il ciel governa e regge?
Quest' è 'l decreto dell' immota legge?
Queste son l'influenze eterne, e belle?
L'anime ch' a virtù son più ribelle,
Fortuna esalta ognor tra le sue gregge;
E quelle, per che 'l vizio si corregge,
Suggette espone a venti, ed a procelle.
Or non devria la rara alma beltade,
Li divini costumi, e 'l sacro ingegno,
Alzar costei sovr' ogni umana sorte?
Destino il vieta; e tu perverso, indegno
Mondo, il consenti. Ahi cieca nostra etade!
Ahi menti de' mortali oblique e torte!"

MISCELLANIES.

Of these pieces, twenty were first published in the fourth volume of *Archæologia Scotica:* viz., the first nineteen, as they stand here, to *An Image to the Pilgrim* inclusive; and the translation of Arthur Johnston's verses on Edinburgh. Seven appeared originally in the folio edition of Drummond's Works, Edinburgh, 1711 : viz., *A Speech at Linlithgow; A Country Maid; The Statue of Alcides; Phyllis, on the Death of her Sparrow; A Pastoral Song; Peter, after the Denial of his Master;* and *On the Virgin Mary.* All the remaining poems in this section are from Phillips's edition, London, 1656.

Sextain (p. 136).

While Craig his Kala would to pity move (line 2). Mr. Laing observes that the person intended is "probably Alexander Craig of Rose-Craig, one of the minor Scottish poets of the earlier part of the seventeenth century."

On the Image of Lucrece (p. 136).

Mr. Laing prefixed the following note to this madrigal (*Arch. Scot.*, iv. p. 103): "Probably suggested by the painting of Tarquin and Lucretia, by Titian." The poem, however, relates to a picture of the *death* of Lucretia, and clearly not to the engraved picture of Tarquin and Lucretia, by Titian. In a letter dated "Paris, Feb. 12, 1607," part of which

I have quoted in the Introductory Memoir, Drummond, in describing the pictures at the Fair of St. Germains, mentions one of Lucretia, "showing her bleeding breast." It is not improbable that this picture occasioned the madrigal. Two versions of the last line are given in *Archæologia Scotica:* the one as in our text, the other as follows:—

"If death her stayed not, killing her best part."

Nero's Image (p. 137).

Translated from the following madrigal by Marino (*Rime*, Venice, 1602: Part II., p. 132):—

"Fu dotta mano, che finse
In sì viva scoltura
Del superbo Neron l'empia figura.
Nè già meglio il potea
Per pareggiar natura
L'arte formar, che 'n fredda pietra, e dura.
Ch' ancor quando vivea,
E la patria, e la madre arse, et estinse,
Di senno, di pietà, di senso casso,
Altro non fu, ch' un duro e freddo sasso."

Amphion of Marble (p. 137).

Suggested, no doubt, by the following madrigal by Marino (*Rime*, Part II., p. 133), although Drummond has given it a different turn:—

"Non è di vita privo,
Non è di spirto casso,

Quest' Anfion di sasso;
Anzi sì vive, e spira,
Che, se 'l pletro movesse insù la lira,
Quand' ei non fusse vivo,
La sua stessa armonia
Avivar lo poria."

A Sigh (p. 139).

From the following madrigal by Marino (*Rime*, Part II., p. 77):—

" Sospir, che del bel petto
Di Madonna esci fore,
Dimmi, che fa quel core?
Serba l'antico affetto?
O pur messo se' tu di novo amore?
Deh no, più tosto sia
Sospirata da lei la morte mia."

Stolen Pleasure (p. 140).

From the following madrigal by Tasso (*Rime*, Venice, 1608: Part II., p. 215):—

" Dolcemente dormiva la mia Clori,
E 'ntorno al suo bel volto
Givan scherzando i pargoletti Amori
Mirav' io da me tolto
Con gran diletto lei,
Quando dirmi sentì, Stolto, che fai?
Tempo perduto non s' acquista mai.
Allor' io mi chinai così pian piano,
E baciandole il viso
Trovai quanta dolcezza ha il paradiso."

For Dorus (p. 145).

For the suggestion of this little piece Drummond was indebted to a madrigal by Marino (*Rime*, Part II., p. 40), entitled *Scherzo sopra il canto d'un vecchio sdentato;* to whom his mistress replies :—

"Che, se mi baci, i baci
Temer non deggio almen che sien mordaci."

Love Vagabonding (p. 145).

The subject of these verses has been a favourite with Greek and Italian poets since Moschus wrote his well-known idyll. The turn which Drummond gives to the argument in the last line of his poem may have been suggested by the following lines from an epigram by Sanazzaro (*Epig.*, Lib. II.):—

"Quæritat huc illuc raptum sibi Cypria natum :
Ille sed ad nostri pectoris ima latet."

This conceit is also to be found in an epigram by Giraldi Cinthio (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.*, vol. i. p. 1238), which begins thus :—

"Ne gnatum in triviis fugitivum, Cypris, quæras.
Huc propera ; in nostro pectore regnat Amor."

To a Swallow, building near the Statue of Medea (p. 148).

From the following epigram by Angelo Politiano (*Delitiæ Poet. Ital.*, vol. ii. p. 360) :—

AD HIRUNDINEM NIDIFICANTEM SUB MEDEÆ STATUÂ.

"Medeæ statua est, misella hirundo,
Sub quâ nidificas. Tuosne credas
Huic natos, rogo, quæ suos necavit?"

There is, however, an epigram on this subject in the Greek Anthology (*Anthol. Palat.*, vol. ii. p. 69), from which Politian's is evidently borrowed. The Greek epigram by Leonidas of Alexandria is as follows :—

"Αἶαν ὅλην νήσους τε διϊπταμένη σὺ χελιδὼν,
Μηδείης γραπτῇ πυκτίδι νοσσοτροφεῖς·
ἔλπῃ δ' ὀρταλίχων πίστιν σέο τήνδε φυλάξειν
Κολχίδα, μηδ' ἰδίων φεισαμένην τεκέων;"

Progne, or Procne (line 1), was King Pandion's daughter, who was metamorphosed into a swallow.

VENUS ARMED (p. 148).

A favourite subject with the Greek and Italian epigrammatists. Drummond here imitates the following epigram by Sanazzaro (*Epigram.* Lib. II.) :—

"Induerat thoraca humeris, galeamque decoro
Aptarat capiti, Marte jubente, Venus.
Nil opus his, Sol, Diva, inquit : sumenda fuerunt,
Cum vos ferratæ circuiere plagæ."

Silenus to King Midas (p. 151).

See the story of Silenus and Midas in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book XI. Silenus, being drunk, was made prisoner by certain peasants of Phrygia, and carried by them to their king, Midas. But Midas, recognising the God, honoured him with feasts during ten days, and thereafter restored him to Bacchus. And being promised a gift of Bacchus, in reward for his piety, Midas desired that whatsoever he touched should be turned into gold. But how his desire was granted him, and how he repented thereof, and how Bacchus took compassion on him and freed him from the fatal gift, may be read in Ovid. Drummond's verses were perhaps suggested by the following passage, from the first book of Cicero's *Tusculanæ Quæstiones*:—"Affertur etiam de Sileno fabella quædam; qui cum a Midâ captus esset, hoc ei muneris pro suâ missione dedisse scribitur: docuisse regem, non nasci homini longe optimum esse; proximum autem, quam primum mori."

Verses on the late William, Earl of Pembroke (p. 152).

William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, born in 1580, died in 1630. Clarendon says he was "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age; and, having a great office in the court, he made the court itself better esteemed and more reverenced in the country." Pembroke's mother was

the sister of Sir Philip Sidney. He was a lover of poets and poetry, himself a poet. To him and his brother Philip, the First Folio Shakespeare was dedicated. I am unable to identify E. P., the author of these verses. The verses read as if they might be the production of Pembroke himself; but they do not occur in the little volume of his poems published in 1660.

A Translation from the Greek (p. 155).

This poem appeared originally in Phillips's edition, under the title of *A Translation of S. John Scot his verses, beginning Quod vitæ sectabor iter;* which title has been retained by all the subsequent editors of Drummond. It is, however, a pretty close translation of the following epigram, attributed to Posidippus, (*Anthol. Palat.*, vol. ii. p. 71):—

"Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμῃ τρίβον; ἐν ἀγορῇ μεν
νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἅλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ', ἢν μεν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·
ἢ δ' ἀπορῇς, ἀνιηρόν. Ἔχεις γάμον; οὐκ ἀμέρμνος
ἔσσεαι· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.
Τέκνα πόνοι, πήρωσις ἄπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
ἄφρονες, αἱ πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
Ἦν ἄρα τοῖν δισσοῖν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον."

Sir John Scot's elegy is a very free paraphrase of the same epigram, extending the ten verses of Greek

into thirty-eight of Latin. It is printed in *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum* (vol. ii. pp. 482–483), with other pieces by the same author, Scot of Scotstarvet, Drummond's brother-in-law. There exists a French translation of the Greek epigram, by Ronsard, beginning, "Quel train de vie est-il bon que je suive" (*Œuvres complètes de Ronsard*, Paris, 1866: vol. vi. p. 409).

It is a pity Drummond did not also translate, as a corrective, the reply by Metrodorus to this epigram, which follows in the Anthology, and asserts the contrary in every particular. To supply this deficiency, I quote the following translation from Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (Lib. III., c. 19), where, by the way, the epigram of Posidippus is attributed to Crates the Cynic. *Metrodorus* the philosopher *Stoick*, says this author, was of a contrary opinion, reversing all the former suppositions against *Crates*, thus :—

"What life list ye to lead? In good Citie and towne
Is wonne both wit and wealth; Court gets us great renowne:
Countrey keepes us in heale, and quietnesse of mynd,
Where wholesome aires and exercise and pretie sports we find:
Traffick it turnes to gain, by land and eke by seas,
The land-borne lives safe, the forreine at his ease:
Housholder hath his home, the roge romes with delight,
And makes moe merry meales, then doth the lordly wight:

Wed and thou hast a bed, of solace and of joy,
Wed not and have a bed, of rest without annoy:
The setled love is safe, sweete is the love at large,
Children they are a store, no children are no charge,
Lustie and gay is youth, old age honour'd and wise:
Then not to dye or be unborne, is best in myne
advise."

EDINBURGH (p. 155).

Arthur Johnston, M.D., physician to King Charles, was born near Aberdeen in 1587, and died at Oxford in 1641. He attained some celebrity as a writer of Latin verse. Many of his poems, including a short commendatory piece on Drummond, are to be found in *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, a collection of Latin poems by the most distinguished Scottish Latinists of the day, in two thick duodecimo volumes, edited by Arthur Johnston, and published at Amsterdam in 1637. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1642. His verses on Edinburgh are printed, among the extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., in the fourth volume of *Archæologia Scotica* (p. 239), from which I transcribe them:—

EDINA.

"Collibus assurgens geminis, caput inserit astris,
Et tutelares cernit Edina deos.
Sceptra thronique pedem firmant et regia ad ortum,
Solis ad occasum Mars tegit arce caput;
Claro mille animos exercet Phœbus ab Austro,
Ad Boream Pallas dædala mille manus.

Templa tenent vicina deæ Pietasque Themisque,
Enthea qua puro pectore vita salit :
Ancillatricem Cererem, Nymphasque ministras,
Et vectigalem despicit inde Thetin.
Romuleam Tibris, Venetam mare territat urbem,
Quas regit undarum ridet Edina minas.
Crede mihi, nusquam vel sceptris aptior urbs est,
Vel rerum domina dignior urbe locus.
Verum ut sint multis istæc communia, soli
Privus et insignis hic tibi cedit honos :
Nemo unquam nisi scurra levis, vel tressis agaso,
Est ausus famam contemerare tuam."

PHYLLIS, ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW (p. 158).

This curious piece was probably suggested by Skelton's *Litle Boke of Philip Sparrow*.

DIVINE POEMS (p. 160).

Of the three *Divine Poems* which I have placed at the end of the *Miscellanies*, the first and second appeared in the Folio of 1711, together with translations of twenty hymns from the Roman Breviary, under the general title of *Divine Poems*. The third, entitled *A Translation*, is from Phillips's edition.

ON THE VIRGIN MARY (p. 161).

This poem is partly translated from a canzone by Marino (*Rime*, 1602 : Part II., p. 164) on the theme

of the *Stabat Mater*. Marino's poem is, however, longer than Drummond's, and contains other matter. The chief points of resemblance are indicated below.

Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand (line 4). In the original—

> "Sconsolata Maria
> Qual tortorella vedova, languia."

Long fixing downcast eyes on earth, &c. (lines 13–18). Compare Marino :—

> "Tutta struggeasi in pianto,
> Mirando (ahi scempio crudo)
> Lo 'nsanguinato ignudo,
> Ignudo, senon quanto
> D'un negro velo ombroso
> Cinto l'havea d'intorno il Ciel pietoso."

And grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my (line 24).

> "E pianse, e disse, O mio :
> Ma l'interruppe il pianto, e non finio."

Who bruis'd thy face, &c. (lines 31–32).

> "Chi d'atro sangue ha tinto
> Quegli occhi (oimè), quel viso,
> Specchi di Paradiso?"

Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb, &c. (lines 37–42).

> "Te dunque in sen portai,
> Te lieta in fasce avinsi,
> Te dolce in braccio strinsi,

Te di latte cibai,
Sol perche stratio e scempio
Fesse di te sì crudo il popol' empio?"

Look but if thy dear pledge, &c. (lines 53–54).

"Mira in che strania guisa
Pende dal crudo legno,
Riconosci (se sai) l'amato pegno."

Is this the promise that celestial herald made, &c. (lines 61–66).

"Son queste (ahi lassa), sono
Le tue promesse queste,
Messaggiero celeste?
Già non son' io, non sono
Fra l'altre benedetta,
Ma sovr' ogni altra misera, e negletta."

How true and of choice oracles, &c. (lines 67–69).

"Quanto del vecchio hebreo,
Che chiuse i lumi in pace,
Fu l'oracol verace."

Come, cruel squadrons, kill the mother, &c. (lines 77–78).

"Voi pronte al' altrui danno,
Crudelissime squadre,
Che non ferir col figlio anco la madre?"

Earth trembled then, and she did hold her peace (line 90).

"E la terra si scosse, et ella tacque."

A Translation (p. 164).

A translation, namely, of the *Dies Iræ*, with four introductory stanzas prefixed.

EPITAPHS.

Of the thirty epitaphs included in this section, ten were first printed in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv.: viz., *To the Memory of his Master, John Ray; On the Lady of Craigmillar; On W. Ramsay; To the Memory of ——; If Monuments were lasting; Epitaph of a Judge; On Rixus; Epitaph on Sanquhar; On Pomponatius; Here covered lies with Earth.* The remaining twenty appeared originally in Phillips's edition of Drummond's Poems, London, 1656.

[On the Earl of Linlithgow] (p. 168).

The subject of this epitaph has not been identified in any previous edition, but from certain allusions in the text it appears beyond question that it was written upon Alexander, seventh Lord Livingston, and first Earl of Linlithgow, who died in April 1622. Thus Drummond calls him "a queen's dear foster, father to three earls;" and to Livingston was committed the care of the infant Princess Elizabeth, who became Queen of Bohemia in 1619. The "three earls" were his son, Alexander, who succeeded him as Earl of Linlithgow, and his two sons-in-law, the Earls of Eglinton and Wigton. In line 17 the word "sire"

is used in the sense of forefather. During the minority of James II. of Scotland the government of the realm was intrusted to Sir Alexander Livingston of Callander, from whom the Earl of Linlithgow was descended.

On Lady Jane Maitland (p. 169).

Lady Jane Maitland died on the 8th of December 1631. Another poem by Drummond on the same subject will be found on p. 109 of the present volume. See also note, p. 299.

To the Memory of his Master, John Ray (p. 170).

The following note is prefixed to this epitaph in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol iv. p. 113:—

"Mr. John Ray was appointed Professor of Humanity in the College of Edinburgh in 1597, and continued for upwards of eight years, and consequently during the time that Drummond attended the University. Ray was removed to the High School in 1606, where he continued as Rector of the Grammar School till February 1630, and died probably about the year 1636."

Drummond bestows in this epitaph such unqualified praise upon the Latin compositions of his dead master, that the reader may perhaps be interested to see a specimen. The following verses by John Ray are printed among Mr. Laing's extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv.

p. 236. They possess an additional interest for us here, inasmuch as they were written upon the death of Drummond's mother, Dame Susanna Fowler. This lady is described by Bishop Sage as "a woman of excellent breeding, and of a good and virtuous life." That she was the sister of William Fowler, and the wife of Sir John Drummond, is all we know of her, except that after her husband's death there seems to have been some (doubtless, transient) unpleasantness between her and her eldest son in relation to the estate; William Drummond even taking legal proceedings against his mother for the delivery of certain documents.* One conjectures that the lady's virtues were of a somewhat unobtrusive kind, or Mr. Ray would surely have found something more to say of her than that she was the mother of her son; for this is the whole scope of his epitaph.

IN OBITUM DOMINÆ SUSANNÆ FOULERIÆ DOMINÆ HAUTHORNDIN[ENSIS].

"Inclyta magnarum, fuit olim gloria matrum
Quæ dederant patriæ pignora clara suæ.
Quis Semelem nosset, si non genuisset Iacchum?
Latonæ laus est Cynthius atque soror;
Lucida Ledæos decorarunt sidera partus,
Alcmena ex nato est nobilitata suo.
Fouleriam exornat natorum mascula virtus,
Natarumque amplis tradita tæda viris.

* See *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. ix. pp. 686, 704–705.

Drummondus superesse dabit post funera vitam,
Acceptam matri cui ferat ipse suam :
Æquævum Musis natum præstabit Apollo,
Æquævam matrem reddit et ille sibi."

To the Memory of the Countess of Lauderdale (p. 170).

Isabel, wife of John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale, and mother of Lady Jane Maitland. She died in November 1638.

On Thomas Dalyell (p. 171).

The poetical part of this epitaph was printed in Phillips's edition, the name of Dalyell being omitted. The entire epitaph, prose and verse, was first printed from the MS. in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. Phillips's text differs slightly from that of *Archæologia*, which is followed in the present edition.

The "son renowned by the wars," mentioned in the epitaph, was the celebrated General Thomas Dalyell or Dalzell, equally notorious for his loyalty and his inhumanity. Readers of *Old Mortality* will recall the picturesque figure of the old soldier, with the long white beard, which he would never suffer to be cut after the execution of his royal master. This Dalyell was born about 1599. During the civil wars he fought for the King, and after Charles's death, entered the Russian service. Returning to England in 1665, he was appointed, the next year, commander-in-chief in Scotland, to act against the

Covenanters, whom he treated with Muscovite barbarity. And, says Burnet, "the clergy were so delighted with it that they used to speak of that time as the poets do of the golden age." Among the Covenanters, Dalyell got the reputation of a wizard. He died in 1685.

Upon John, Earl of Lauderdale (p. 172).

Three sonnets to the memory of John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale, who died on the 20th of January 1645, and was buried in the church at Haddington. He was one of the Lords of Session, and a member of the Privy Council ; a Presbyterian, for all Drummond's eulogy, and was chosen, in 1644, President of the Scottish Parliament. The "three grave justiciars" mentioned in the second sonnet were doubtless Lauderdale, his father, and grandfather. The father, Sir John Maitland, first Lord Maitland of Thirlestane, was Secretary of State and Chancellor: he died on the 3rd of October 1595, and was commemorated in an epitaph written by King James, which was engraved upon his monument in Haddington church. To this epitaph Drummond alludes in the third of these sonnets, lines 5–8. The grandfather of Lauderdale, and father of Maitland of Thirlestane, was Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, the poet. He was a Lord of Session and Keeper of the Privy Seal, and died in 1586.

Lauderdale is said to have been a man of literary culture, as well as a statesman. His son, the second

Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, earned an unenvied notoriety as minister of Charles II. In a letter to this son, Drummond writes: "Of that duty I owe to your Lordship, and love to your Honourable Father, I have adventured to bear a part in his obsequies,—a work, I must confess, profuse; no verses of mine, or any others, having power to add anything to his noble memory, being so strongly upholden by your Lordship and his other excellent children, that it is likely to be contemporary with the world."

To the Memory of Rachel Lindsay (p. 174).

The verses from this epitaph were printed in Phillips's edition, without the name of the lady to whom they relate. The entire epitaph was first printed in *Archæologia Scotica*. Phillips's text does not differ from that of *Archæologia Scotica*, except in the last two lines, which he gives thus—

> "Is here pent up within a marble frame,
> Whose parallel no times, no climates claim."

On the Lady of Craigmillar (p. 174).

This epitaph belongs to the year 1649. The Lady of Craigmillar was probably the mother of George Preston, laird of Craigmillar, one of the persons to whom Drummond in his will commits the tutelage and education of his children, in the event of the death or second marriage of their mother during their nonage.

On W. Ramsay (p. 175).

The first four verses are borrowed from *Tears on the Death of Mœliades*, lines 21–24.

To the Memory of —— (p. 176).

The subject of this epitaph is unknown, but I am strongly inclined to refer it to Lady Jean Ker, Countess of Perth, and wife of the second Earl. To this lady, living, Drummond addressed three sonnets (see vol. i. pp. 176–177, and note, p. 242). The little that we know of her seems to concur with what is expressed in this epitaph—"Pure, fruitful, modest, virgin, mother, wife." She died much regretted, we are told, about the year 1622—still young, although the mother of seven children. Her husband survived her some forty years, dying in 1662. A sonnet by Drummond to her memory was published, with *Flowers of Sion*, in 1623 (see *ante*, p. 68).

Lines 15–16 allude to the derivation of the names of the autumnal months from *imber*, a shower.

Far from these Banks (p. 177).

Amphrysian shepherd (line 6). Apollo, so called from the river Amphrysus in Thessaly, on the banks of which he kept the flocks of King Admetus.

Verses Frail Records are (p. 178).

And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars (line 26). Drummond uses this expression, in *Irene*, of

the causes of religious dissensions: "Opinions and problems which ye are conscious to yourselves are but Centaurs' children, the imaginations and fancies of your own brains." The Centaurs were the children of Ixion and the Cloud, *i.e.*, of Ambition and Illusion. The causes of strife on earth, and especially of strife which is carried on in the name of religion, are, as Drummond rightly suggests, of that family.

Three Epitaphs (p. 180).

These three epitaphs are printed in Phillips's and all subsequent editions as a single poem in three stanzas, with the title of *Rose*. They are quite unconnected, nevertheless, and evidently relate to different persons. The third was written upon James Drummond, first Earl of Perth. He died young, in December 1611, and was buried in Seton Chapel, where his wife caused a marble monument to be raised to his memory. See *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, by William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan: Edinburgh, 1831: pp. 249, 301–303.

In less than three years after her husband's death, the lady, whose love no time could bound, married Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell.

Epitaph on Sanquhar (p. 183).

Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, was hanged at Westminster on the 29th of June 1612, for the murder of a fencing-master named Turner.

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On a Drunkard (p. 183).

Among the extracts from the Hawthornden MSS., in *Archæologia Scotica* (vol. iv. p. 79), is printed the following note by Drummond, containing a different version of this epitaph :—

"Guazzo hath this Epitaph on a Drunkard:

"'Nè Rose, nè Amaranthi, ma qui presso
Di me versate vino, che da sete
Son così in morte, come in vita oppresso.'
Which is,
Nor Roses to my tomb, nor Lillies give,
But nappye Aile, or Bacchus' strongest wine;
For that same thirst doth yet even dead me pine,
Which made me so carowse when I did live."

I have given this epitaph in the form in which it appears in Phillips's and all the subsequent editions; but considering Phillips's extreme inaccuracy, I think it far from improbable that the version given in the above note may be the only version for which Drummond is properly responsible.

Epitaph (p. 183).

This is an adaptation by Drummond of the well-known epitaph on Aretino, the Italian poet and satirist. "The enemies of Aretino, not appeased by his death, have commemorated him by an epitaph as profane as his own writings, which has been repeated with several variations in the Italian, French, and

Latin languages, and is erroneously supposed to have been engraven on his tomb in the church of S. Luca, in Venice:—

> 'Qui giace l'Aretin, poeta Tosco,
> Che disse mal d'ognun, fuorchè di Dio,
> Scusandosi col dir, Non lo conosco.'"

(*Roscoe's Life of Leo X.*, third ed. vol. iv. p. 135.)

In Phillips's edition, where it originally appeared, this epitaph has the title *Aretinus Epitaph*, and the first line is given as follows:—

> "Here Aretine lies most bitter gall."

Subsequent editors have followed Phillips. The text as it stands in Drummond's manuscript contains, however, no mention of Aretino, and the person referred to is indicated only by the initial letter S—. See the article by Mr. W. E. Buckley in *Notes and Queries* (April 27, 1889), where the epitaph is for the first time correctly printed, according to the manuscript.

On Pomponatius (p. 184).

Pietro Pomponazzi, a celebrated Aristotelian philosopher, was born at Mantua in 1462, and died about 1525 at Bologna. He lectured at Padua, and afterwards at Bologna, where he caused a terrible flutter among the orthodox by the publication of his treatise *On the Immortality of the Soul.* Pomponazzi maintained that the doctrine of the soul's immortality

was not countenanced by Aristotle; that it was, in fact, nowhere established, save as a Christian dogma. As such, he professed to accept it; but his professions were suspected, and he would have fallen a victim to the Inquisition but for the protection of Cardinal Bembo.

SATIRES AND EPIGRAMS.

Of the longer pieces in this section, two, viz., *The Five Senses* and *The Character of an Anti-Covenanter*, were first printed in the Folio of 1711. The verses beginning "Momus, with venom'd tooth," and the *Encomiastic Verses*, appeared originally in *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. *Lines on the Bishops* first appeared in the Maitland Club edition of Drummond's Poems, Edinburgh, 1832.

Epigrams 1–4, 8–9, 11–13, 18–20, 23–25, 28–29, are taken from *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv.; epigrams 5–7, 10, 15–17, 21–22, 26–27, from the Folio of 1711. Epigrams 14 and 30 are reprinted from Bishop Sage's Memoir of Drummond, prefixed to the Folio of 1711.

The Five Senses (p. 185).

A very intimate and severe exposure of the vices of King James; so severe, indeed, that I have some difficulty in persuading myself that it was written by Drummond. But its authenticity has never, I believe, been disputed.

Lines on the Bishops (p. 192).

Ascribed to Drummond by his contemporary, Sir James Balfour, Lyon King of Arms. I think, doubtful.

An Apology (p. 195).

This is obviously an apology for some previous writing of the author's, not now extant—at least, if the author be Drummond. *Archæologia Scotica* gives the following version of lines 9–10, in addition to that in the text :—

"The noble town might elsewhere have been raised,
In place more fair, for sky, air, freedom, praised."

Encomiastic Verses (p. 196).

Caroused the horse's spring (line 4). *I.e.*, cultivated poetry. The horse's spring is Hippocrene.

Epigram I. Upon the Duke of Buckingham's disastrous expedition to La Rochelle, and attack upon the Isle of Rhé, in 1627. A "drake" was a species of cannon: the duck is, of course, the Duke, being similarly pronounced in Scottish.

Epigram III. Upon Andrew Ramsay, a minister of Edinburgh, and an active Covenanter.

Epigram VI. Probably refers to the General Assembly which met at Glasgow, November 21, 1638.

Epigram VII. This perhaps alludes to the Marquis of Hamilton's unsuccessful attempt to veto the proceedings of the Glasgow Assembly, in the King's name.

Epigram VIII. Perhaps refers to the abolition of episcopacy by the same Assembly.

Epigram IX. In 1631 King Charles granted to William Alexander, Viscount Stirling, the profits arising from the coining of copper money in Scotland for a period of nine years. As there were no profits to speak of, in 1634 Alexander, then Earl of Stirling, recalled the copper farthing, and issued a new coin of the same weight, which was made to pass as of the value of two farthings. These coins were greatly disliked by the people, and were commonly called "turners." (See *Memorials of the Earl of Stirling and of the House of Alexander*, by Charles Rogers: Edinburgh, 1877: vol. i. pp. 144–146, 154–156.) The affair gave rise to a witty parody of the Earl's motto, upon the occasion of its being carved upon his new mansion at Stirling. *Per mare, per terras* was the motto; *Per metre, per turners* ran the popular version.

Epigram X. Preparations were now going forward for the first Bishops' War. Lines 19–22 refer "to the taking of Dalkeith Palace on Sunday the 22nd of March 1639, by a band of a thousand armed Covenanters, led by the Earls of Rothes, Home, and Lothian, and Lords Yester, St. Clair, and Balmerino. Edinburgh Castle had been seized the day before, and other castles and places of strength were being seized about the same time in other parts of Scotland; but this taking of Dalkeith Palace was particularly impressive from the fact that the keeper who surrendered it was Traquair himself, 'that lieutenant fame did so extol,' and who was now the King's chief minister in Scotland; and also from the fact that among the spoil taken from the Palace were the Scottish regalia, or,

as the annalist Balfour calls them, 'the royal ensigns of the kingdom, crown, sword, and sceptre.' They were conveyed the same night to Edinburgh Castle—'the Capitol,' as Drummond calls it—and deposited there with great ceremony" (Masson's *Drummond of Hawthornden*, pp. 301–302).

Epigram XI. There being no help for it, Drummond subscribed the Covenant, probably in the spring of 1639.

Epigram XIV. Relates to the first Bishops' War, May and June 1639. Drummond "was forced to send men to the army which fought against the King; and his estate lying in three different shires, he had not occasion to send one entire man, but halves and quarters, and such-like fractions" (Memoir prefixed to the Folio, 1711).

Epigrams XV. and *XVI.* By "rebellion," in *Epigram XV.*, he probably intends the Edinburgh riot and revolt of July 1637. The King's waking, in the *Reply*, would then refer to the first Bishops' War, nearly two years later. Field-marshal Lesley was the Scottish commander-in-chief.

Epigram XVIII. Zanzummines appears to have been a nickname bestowed by the Presbyterians upon their opponents, and is evidently to be referred to the giant Zamzummim of *Deuteronomy* (II. 20). The word occurs also in a poem called *The Black Bastel*, written by James Melville in 1611, and printed in *Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, Edinburgh, 1825:—

> "Thus knocked first my Knox, and terrified
> The Zanzummins and all the hounds of hell."

Epigram XX. First Bishops' War again. Lines 3–4 refer to the Earl of Holland's march into Scotland, June 3, 1639, and his instant retreat at sight of the Scottish army. The Scots encamped on Dunse Law, June 4, and remained there until the conclusion of the treaty.

Epigram XXV. Alludes to the honours bestowed by King Charles upon the Presbyterian leaders during his conciliatory visit to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1641. In *Archæologia Scotica* a second version of the first line is also given, as follows:—

"Britons, admire the extravagancies of our King."

Epigram XXVI. John Pym died December 8, 1643.

Epigram XXVII. The last line probably alludes to the plague which raged in Scotland in the year 1645.

Epigram XXIX. The Scottish Parliament met at St. Andrews, November 26, 1645. Montrose was still threatening, although his power had been broken at Philiphaugh.

Epigram XXX. See Introductory Memoir, vol. i. p. cxi.

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